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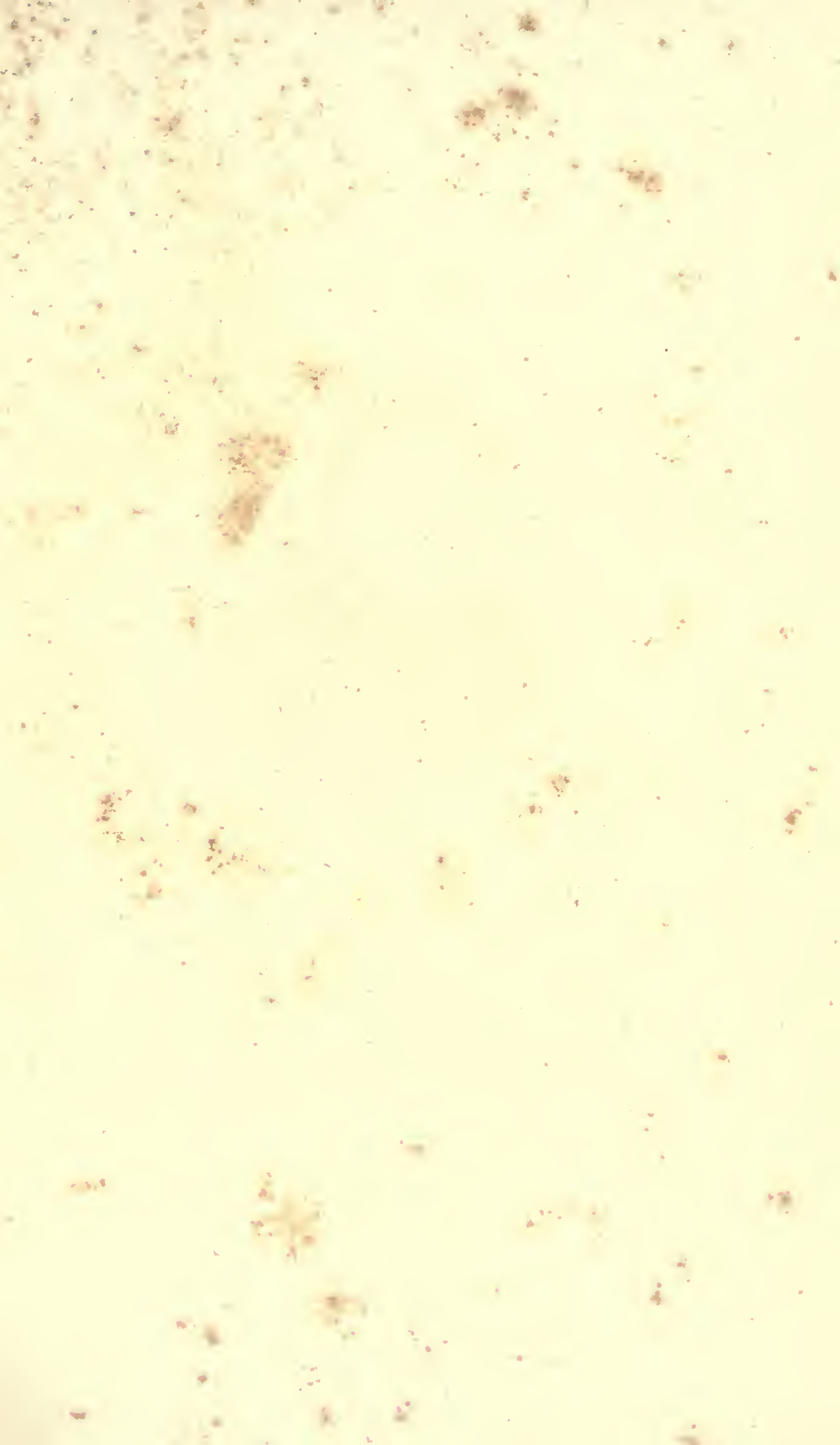
HARLAN HOYT HORNER

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David J. Coddington

SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES

OF THE LATE

HON. DAVID S. CODDINGTON,

WITH A

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

NEW YORK:

D. APPLETON & COMPANY, 443 & 445 Broadway,

1866.

ENTERED according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by

J. CODDINGTON.

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern
District of New York.

JOHN F. TROW & Co.,

PRINTERS, STEREOTYPERS, AND ELECTROTYPERS,

50 Greene Street, New York.

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BIOGRAPHY OF DAVID S. CODDINGTON.

DAVID SMITH CODDINGTON, the author of the speeches contained in this volume, was born in the city of New York on September 23d, 1823. He was the third son of the late Jonathan I. Coddington, a prominent merchant of New York, and a lineal descendant of one of the oldest families of the country.

The family traces its lineage clearly back to the days of the American Colonies. William Coddington, the founder of the family on this continent, came to America in 1630, having been appointed by King Charles I. of England a magistrate for the colony of Massachusetts, a position which he filled for several years. On the accession of Gov. Winthrop to the Governorship of the colony, Mr. Coddington, disagreeing with him in his policy, to avoid the persecution with which Winthrop pursued his political enemies, emigrated with others to what was then called the island of Aquetneck, but by Judge Coddington named Rhode Island. Here he founded

a colony for which he framed a government and a code of laws, and was elected Judge, but in 1640, the form of government was changed, and the founder and Judge of the colony was elected its first Governor. He held the office for many years,—we believe, until 1675. He has come down to us in history as a prudent, active Quaker, zealous for his principles and earnest in his advocacy of the liberty of conscience.

JONATHAN I. CODDINGTON, the father of the subject of this sketch, was also a leader among his people; and at one time held an influential position in this city as a Democratic politician. His career as such was at a time in the history of the Democratic party of great interest, and he may be said to have been a representative man of the Jacksonian Democracy of his day, as his son was of the war Democracy as it now exists. Long before General Jackson had begun his crusade against the United States Bank, the Senior Coddington had given expression to views upon the question of Paper-Currency and its tendency to dangerous expansion totally at variance with those of a great majority of his fellow-merchants and politicians, and in consonance with those of the President; so that when the

latter developed his "hard money theory" he looked to Mr. Coddington as one of his most ardent and active supporters, appointed him Postmaster of the city of New York, and virtually placed the development of his policy here under Mr. Coddington's direction. In support of Jackson's policy Mr. Coddington became associated with Silas Wright, John A. Dix, William L. Marcy and others, and was equally energetic with them in defending that administration against the execrations of the sufferers from paper money and in upholding the then much ridiculed sub-treasury system. He was also very active as a politician during the memorable era of Van Buren's administration; and a leading spirit among the Democrats during that period of political disaster. The political strife which ended in the wonderful uprising of the people in the election of General Harrison in 1840, began during the administration of General Jackson, and was continued with great bitterness through that of Mr. Van Buren. It will be remembered as one of remarkable excitement. The whole country was plunged into violent discussion, and partisan feeling extended to all professions and trades and conditions of life, high and low. The oldest and the youngest of the family,—men,

women and children, had perforce to become either "Jacksonian" or "Federal"—"infernal whig" or "rascally tory." The amenities of social intercourse were often forgotten in the excitement of the absorbing mania. Politics boldly intruded into the church, and often a pastor's success depended more upon his political opinions than his religious belief or pastoral or oratorical ability. The financial distress of 1837, which followed the inauguration of President Jackson's policy, the unrelenting bearing of the administration towards its opponents, the strictly partisan distribution of the public patronages, and other measures calculated to incite and strengthen opposition, resulted in the great defeat of the Democracy in 1840. It was in the midst of this great political excitement and revolution that the father, growing disgusted with national politics, retired to the quiet of private life, or indulged only in local politics, and the son first displayed his taste for political pursuits, though too young to begin the life of a politician.

DAVID S. CODDINGTON was then a boy of seventeen, but particularly precocious, and he constantly evinced an eager desire to attain a thorough knowledge of the principles of the party with which his

father had so long acted. He was at this time just from school, where he had won a brilliant reputation as a quick scholar, though, while a student, he was more famed for the readiness with which he acquired knowledge and the recklessness with which he defied school discipline than for serious application and diligent scholarship. He was possessed of a ready faculty for acquiring information without severe study; and was indeed too delicate in frame for close application, though at the same time so full of a certain vitality and energy that existed rather in his brain than blood, that he could not bring himself to yield readily to the rigid system of a school. He had originally studied at New Utrecht and New Brunswick, but in 1837, when only fourteen years of age, he had entered the Freshman class at Columbia College. A year subsequently, he entered Union College as a Sophomore, and remained there two years. He did not carry off all the honors, but yielded the more solid ones to more persevering, but less brilliant competitors, while he contented himself with the prize for elocution, and with leaving behind him the remembrance of many a witty saying and reckless deed of daring as his legacy to the traditions of the College.

Young Coddington evinced while at Union College a remarkable talent for elocution and a force and readiness in extemporaneous discussion which indicated that in such occupation the energy of his character found a congenial pursuit. Possessing this taste, the selection of the legal profession was natural enough, and he entered with George W. Strong, Esq., an eminent lawyer of the old school, in whose office many prominent men now in practice have been students. In this office, and afterwards in that of Slosson and Schell, likewise a famed resort for aspirants to the bar, Mr. Coddington completed his legal education, varying the monotony of professional study by an occasional votive offering to the muses, or contributing an article for the press, and at all times indulging in an epigrammatic humor which caused him to take a ludicrous view, not unmingled with satire, of life, its surroundings, and pursuits, and sometimes of his friends, but oftener of himself.

In the year 1845, and at the age of twenty-one, Mr. Coddington was admitted to the bar. Having but a feeble constitution, and without the incentive of necessity, he never engaged earnestly in the practice of his profession, but shrank from contact

with the rougher experience of a practising lawyer, preferring to devote himself to the more congenial pursuits of literature and politics, with a view to giving his attention when occasion should offer to public affairs.

For some years no such opportunity as he desired offered itself, and after the signal defeat of the Democrats in 1840, until the convention of 1848, Mr. Coddington remained quiet and secluded, pursuing with great ardor his studies as a lawyer, and fitting himself for public speaking. On two or three occasions during these eight years, he delivered public orations, but generally on subjects disconnected with politics; but in which he displayed the same forcible epigrammatic style which subsequently so distinguished him as an orator. On July 4th, 1845, he delivered a patriotic address at a Fair at Bergen Point, New Jersey. This early effort was characterized by great originality of thought, and that fervent patriotism which in later years found larger scope, and he is said to have held his hearers fixed with a closer attention than is ordinary on such occasions.

The Presidential canvass of 1848 profoundly attracted the attention of Mr. Coddington. The

name of Martin Van Buren, the friend of his father, was again brought forward as a candidate for the Presidency. Defeated in 1840, by the Hardcider and Tippecanoe enthusiasts at the ballot-boxes, and in 1844 in the convention by the machinations of Calhoun, Van Buren's friends hoped that at least in 1848 the people would have an opportunity to pass upon the merits of his previous administration, and if they approved of it, to reelect him to the Presidency. Though every consideration of justice seemed to entitle him to this recompense for what he had suffered for the party, Mr. Van Buren was again deprived of the nomination. When the free soil nomination at Utica, on June 22d, was made, and which was reluctantly accepted by Martin Van Buren, Mr. Coddington threw his whole soul into the movement, and did all that was in his power to render it effective. He fully approved the sentiments of the platform of the Free Soil Democracy in opposition to Slavery. His maiden political speech in that campaign was considered an evidence of his superior qualifications as a public speaker, and of great promise as a politician. Foreseeing the determination of the leaders to make the slavery question the test, and to proscribe henceforth every

man who was not wholly committed to the false policy of its extension, he took a firm position in opposition to that pliant faction of the Democracy at the North which yielded everything to the South. He was anxious to have the rights of the South protected by every suitable guarantee, and as long as the Missouri Compromise was in force to strictly observe the conditions of that ancient compact. No admirer of slavery, yet never a political abolitionist, it was only when he became satisfied that without freedom to all, the Union could not exist, was he in favor of the destruction of slavery. He made no claim to being actuated by philanthropic impulses in favor of those already slaves, but acted from convictions of his duty to the freemen of the North. He charged that abolitionism was not the cause of the late rebellion, but that in the history of the platforms, and of the men placed in power by the Democratic party from 1844 to 1860, could be found material enough to indicate how the flames of discontent were fanned into the fire of rebellion which precipitated the great crisis of 1861 upon the country. He dated the commencement of the civil war not to the firing on Fort Sumter, but to the manipulations of the Kansas Question by Mr. Pierce

and Mr. Buchanan and their advisers, and believed that the blood spilled in that territory was the opening sacrifice in the great struggle. A Democrat by birth and by conviction, with nothing in common with abolitionism until the existence of the government was assailed, and then still a Democrat, but subordinating party obligation to his duty to the country, choosing rather to support an administration he had no hand in placing in power to the greater evils of anarchy and disunion, he was willing to act with any party which was earnest in restoring the integrity of the Union, obedience to its laws and respect for its flag.

The campaign of 1848 resulted in the defeat of the Democrats. The vote of that party in the State of New York was divided between Van Buren and Cass, and hence the Whigs carried the State for General Taylor. The Free Soil Democrats were henceforth out of the pale of the party, and might never more hope to be taken back again. After this campaign, Mr. Coddington as a Freesoiler could not expect to be considered as any longer available as a politician in the ranks of the Democratic party, the majority of which had followed the beck of Calhoun, and the leadership of Cass, leaving the

Freesoilers in a hopeless minority. Mr. Coddington was temporarily proscribed in common with all the principal Freesoilers, and with them was left by the Democratic leaders to enjoy several years of retirement; much of which he devoted to reading and to study. This course of study only served to strengthen the political convictions which he had inherited from his father, and the correctness of which his own experience had confirmed. Meantime, he satisfied himself with proclaiming in 1859 his opposition to the Lecompton Constitution and scheme; and interested himself by frequent addresses to the people in patriotic orations, but he seldom touched upon partisan subjects. Among the most interesting of these efforts was his address, published elsewhere, at the Burns Centennial Festival of 1859, in New York. This address was said by prominent Journals at the time to have been most powerful and beautiful, and is described by them as the "feature of the day." It was a brilliant and scholarly effort, showing a most intimate knowledge of the writings of the Poet, abounding in incident, anecdote and metaphor, and so excited the enthusiasm of his Celtic auditors that they greeted him with rounds of applause more enthusiastic than those

by which orators are generally rewarded even at a festive gathering. Another of Mr. Coddington's most interesting efforts was delivered on the fourth of July, 1859, being an oration at the grave of Thomas Jefferson at Monticello, Virginia. This oration, which is also published in full in this volume, was delivered when the excitement which preceded the Presidential elections of 1860 had already begun to be felt in Virginia; and the speaker took care to express how foreign and repulsive to him was the idea of national estrangement, and how kindly were the sentiments then as now entertained by the people of the Empire State, and the North generally, for those of the old Dominion. These efforts did not serve, however, to bring him prominently forward in public life, did not particularly endear him to the public heart, as he was destined to become. It was not until his party, amidst the excitement of April, 1861, became the great War Democracy that he again appeared in politics. Then Mr. Coddington, born a Jackson Democrat, reared in the faith of Van Buren, successively a Freesoil Democrat in 1848, and an anti-Lecompton Democrat in 1859, adhering to his life-long principles and his party, proclaimed himself, before the

echoes of the guns of Sumter had died away, as an out and out war Democrat.

When the Southern States were precipitated into armed resistance to the Government by designing politicians, and the thunder of cannon against Fort Sumter woke the slumbering North to the reality of long-threatened disunion, the people found themselves unarmed and unprepared for the mighty struggle for national existence which was upon them. Their leaders had slumbered or betrayed their trust—no man seemed equal to acting in this great emergency, and the capitol was cut off from communications with the greater portion of the country. Early in April, 1861, the people assembled in overwhelming masses in Union Square to take counsel together, and discuss this terrible calamity, and to endeavor to disentangle themselves from the meshes of the network of conspiracy in which they had become involved. This was the moment in the life of David S. Coddington in which his prompt action in the limited field which was open to him, will tend most to make his memory dear to those who knew him. An old-school Democrat, for years in opposition to the party which had just obtained the power, and which had within a few days past

become responsible for the administration of the government, there was no reason why as a politician he should become a leader in their councils. Policy would have dictated to a less patriotic opponent, as it did indeed to many of his party, to leave the Republicans to act for themselves, and await the opportunities to take advantage of their errors. But Mr. Coddington did not hesitate a moment in throwing himself heartily and zealously in support of an administration which at the ballot-box he had opposed, but which now identified itself with the life of the nation, and boldly and openly joined hands with it as a northern war democrat in opposition to the democracy of the South who had taken up arms for the nation's overthrow. On the 19th of April, in a masterly appeal to the people to rouse up and exert themselves for the preservation of the Union, he astonished even those who knew him best by his singularly classic and eloquent remarks, abounding in condensed sarcasm and in originality and terseness of thought. He had plead at the tomb of Jefferson for the perpetuation by arts of peace of a Union which its inmate had done so much to create; now he argued for the preservation by force of arms of that Union assailed by the countrymen

of Jefferson, and threatened to be rent asunder by the appliances of war.

The course of Mr. Coddington as a war democrat was consistent and active to the last. He aided in every way to bring the struggle to a successful conclusion, and though mindful of the frequent mistakes of the party in power, regarded them as secondary to the great object of preserving the integrity of the nation. Had his physical organization equalled his moral courage and patriotism, he would have been among the first to take the field in a cause in whose success his whole soul was enlisted.

In the fall of 1861, Mr. Coddington was elected on the Democratic ticket a member of the State Assembly from the city of New York. Although nominated as a partisan, he was largely supported by good men of all parties. He devoted himself with untiring industry to the interest of the city, and worked with a zeal and energy little in accordance with his former inactive life as a student, faithfully discharging his duties both as a member in the House, and of important committees. He at once took position as a skilful and able debater, and when he spoke, he commanded that attention which in large deliberative bodies is the highest evidence

of the appreciation of the speaker by his colleagues.

As a representative in the State Legislature his most effective speech was delivered on a resolution introduced for the purpose of requesting the General Government to accelerate the movements of the army. While sketching the progress of events, and holding up to ridicule the cry of impatient homeguards men and tacticians of the "on to Richmond" school, he displayed his sympathies for the cause of the country, and his confidence in its triumph, by remarks which called forth the highest commendations of the Press, the vigorous applause of the galleries, and the congratulations of the members. The New York Times said of this speech :

"Its aim was to discourage public impatience and inspire confidence in the national authorities who have the matter in charge. It was eminently the production of a scholar, clear forcible and compact in style, and marked with great justness of thought and vigor of expression."

An Albany paper said :

"Everybody expected a brilliant display, and nobody was disappointed; Mr. Coddington made a splendid speech approving the course of the government, and in favor of standing by the Union. There was an intensity about his manner that fastened the attention of the house."

The career of Mr. Coddington as a member of

the Legislature, although so highly creditable to himself and beneficial to the city and State, ended with one term; he did not seek a re-nomination.

As a citizen, he continued active in his exertions for the support of the Government, frequently addressing assemblages of his fellow-citizens, and rarely omitting an opportunity to aid in the work of restoring the Union. When the Presidential nominations were made in 1864, Mr. Coddington could not find it consistent with his views of Democracy to accept the Chicago Platform as the political text for one who loved his country. He tersely expressed his opinion of that programme in a letter to the committee of the great Union Mass Meeting to be held in New York, on the 27th of September, and which remarkable document is as follows:

NEW YORK, Tuesday, Sept. 27th, 1864.

GENTLEMEN: Your invitation to speak to-night is received. A severe cold will prevent me.

But neither cold nor heat can freeze or melt out of this country the belief that the Chicago Convention has left a Democrat no choice between Jefferson Davis, with all his crimes, and Abraham Lincoln, with all his faults.

The Vallandigham platform is merely an attempt of the Richmond authorities to run the blockade of Northern ballot-boxes, Montgomery Constitution in hand. True, the Union flag floats from the first section; so it does from the Florida and Tallahassee, until you get near enough for them to hoist

the Confederate rag and scuttle the Union ship, while we, robbed of our compasses and stripped of our national consistency, are to be landed upon some bleak dogma of egotistical States' Rights and universal anarchy!

Call Abraham Lincoln a joker! Why, the Chicago party are trying to make this war the ghastliest joke of the continent or the century. Have we gone to school to a million of bayonets and learned nothing? Have we marched a million of men a thousand miles to stand still? Are we spending four millions a day merely to buy back the old wrangle about Slavery?—to buy back another Brooks's murderous cane; another Buchanan's Lecompton crime, greater than all the Lincoln *lapsus constitutionis*? The Crittenden Amendment was very well to prevent war; but are we to be fought four years, despoiled of our means, called foreigners, hunted on every sea and shore, and bury five hundred thousand brothers, to give them all they asked in the past, and no security for all they will demand, on that very account, in the future? They will say: "We plunged you vital deep in debt, we helped you to innumerable funerals; but we never buried a single demand. While your armies have advanced, your principles have retreated; and, so long as your victories only mean concessions to us, war has no terrors and peace no shame in Dixie." Will the red crisis stand this—will greenbacks support it? Every five-twenty bond is a stump speech for Lincoln; every dollar greenback a campaign tract distributed among a warned and consuming community, cautioning them how they trifle with the dead and the debt of this war.

Hoping that the ballot-box will prove the sentry-box of the national honor,

I am, very respectfully, yours,

DAVID S. CODDINGTON.

General McClellan did not receive the full vote of the Democracy, for many democrats had the same

convictions as those expressed by Mr. Coddington. For the support of a large majority of those who did vote for him, McClellan was indebted to his own letter, and not to, but really in despite of, the platform on which he was nominated. During this campaign in November, 1864, Mr. Coddington addressed a great gathering of the war Democracy at the Cooper's Institute strongly supporting Mr. Lincoln and the prosecution of the war. This memorable effort of the orator was pronounced at the time to be one of the sharpest, clearest and most powerful indictments ever framed against a party whose leaders had proven false to its principles as well as to the honor and welfare of the country. As a vivid, spirited picture of the Democratic party of that time, and its attitude this speech is unequalled.

On the second inauguration of President Lincoln, Mr. Coddington prepared a letter to him at the request of the working men of the city of New York replete with patriotic sentiments. His next effort was destined to be the oration in memory of the martyred president.

Soon after the occupation of Charleston by the Government, Mr. Coddington visited that city for the benefit of his health. While there the news of

the assassination of the President was received, and at the request of the military authorities and soldiers of that Department, he delivered a Eulogy in the citadel square church. This oration delivered in the cradle of the Rebellion amidst the ruins it had caused, in memory of its most illustrious victim was the last and greatest of Mr. Coddington's addresses. Always of a feeble constitution, with failing health, and days already numbered, it will be seen in the perusal of this address that the fire of his patriotism burned brightly to the last, and that this final effort of his original genius is worthy of perpetuation as not the least effective shell exploded in the citadel of treason.

On his return to the North in June, 1865, his growing reputation as an orator was evidenced by the large number of invitations which he received to address the people in different parts of the country, on the ensuing fourth of July, but his last oration had been delivered. He seemed to feel that his brief period of activity was nearly over; and declining to accept any of the many invitations on account of his rapidly failing health, he retired to his favorite resort at Saratoga Springs to pass the summer. His visit there in 1865 will be remem-

bered by hundreds of the habitués of the place. He was unusually lively in his manner despite his illness, and brilliant and witty in his conversation to a degree which caused many of his friends to fear that it was the increased, but flickering brilliancy of the dying lamp. This fear was too well founded ; and on the morning of September 2d, while at Saratoga, Mr. Coddington very suddenly, but evidently not unexpectedly, began to fail, and shortly after died calmly, and without a struggle. The news of his decease came with painful suddenness to a large circle of his friends, and was the subject of general notice, and profound expressions of regret on the part of the press and the people.

David S. Coddington was in very many respects a remarkable man : and died too soon for the country and his own reputation. Nature had enriched his mind at the expense of his body. He was one of those peculiar persons seldom met with whose energy is of the brain not of the blood, and who go down to posterity under the distinctive classification of " men of genius." He was one of those characters described by Dryden as :

" A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay
And o'erinformed the tenement of clay."

Without an ostentatious display of knowledge received from books, he allowed the ripe fruit which he had stored away in his years of study to mingle with the experience he had derived from a life not passed in viewing all things as golden. A physical infirmity with which he had been afflicted from youth had imperceptibly its effect upon his temperament, and while he was as sensitive as Byron, he was not as cynical. Had he possessed the bodily vigor to have grappled with the labor, he would have won a splendid position in any path of life which he might have chosen as congenial, for he possessed the mind to grapple with problems of every character, and of the deepest intricacy. He was a man in whom the *intuitive* was strongly developed; he was always right in his judgment from being right in his principle, and could do no wrong, because he so strongly and deeply loved truth and justice. His first judgment on great questions was his best, because prompted by this intuitive love of the right; and nothing could reason or lead him away from the convictions thus instantaneously formed. His mind was of that kind that quickly and clearly perceives the salient points of a question, and he was a man who

as quickly acted upon impressions thus conceived.

In private life, he was remarkable and much appreciated for his social and conversational powers; and among his intimate acquaintances, he shone with more brilliancy than he appeared to the public. He was very quick and brilliant at repartee, easy and fluent of language, unusually forcible and exceedingly epigrammatic in his construction of his sentences, and at all times witty; and these qualities made his society much sought after. Few men have been more courted and admired in society than Mr. Coddington, and few possessed greater qualifications for instructing or pleasing a social circle. But he was not merely admired in society; David S. Coddington was loved in his social circle even more than he was admired. A gentle, enthusiastic spirit, always earnest and often impetuous in his enthusiasm, of great generosity, kindness and affability, very tender in his manner, and affectionate in his disposition, he drew others towards him in sympathy and gentleness, and was even more lovable than fascinating. His wit was playful, had nothing of the bitter in its composition, and nobody feared while all laughed at his satire. His repartee was so good

humored and so kindly uttered that it gave no pain. He made himself more frequently than others his object of ridicule, and the shafts of his satire spent themselves either on himself or such generalities as left his companions no opportunity or occasion to construe aught offensive in them. With all his bodily infirmity, he was still full of fun and frolic, and with younger persons and children occasionally indulged in playful romps, and innocent games. He rarely thought of himself, was disinterested in his frequent efforts for others, and the charity and generosity of his character were not less noticeable than the qualities of his mind. He has left behind him many an anecdote, letter, bon mot and pleasantry illustrative of these qualities, many of which will be recalled by this allusion to the recollection of his friends, but few of which were preserved by him. In his younger days he composed a great deal of poetry, wrote many little epigrams, sketches and letters for publication, and for the persual of his friends and acquaintances, but he seldom kept copies of them. The methodical was very little developed in his temperament, and he was rather careless in preserving his papers, so that many of them are lost, but what remains to us of his poetic

and other contributions to the press display the same peculiar vigorous and epigrammatic style which is so remarkable in his speeches herewith published.

Mr. Coddington's reputation with the general public must depend on his achievements as an orator; for in this capacity chiefly was he known to the people. It is a little difficult to decide to what class his style of oratory belongs, whether to the demonstrative, deliberative or argumentative (*Judicial*) of the ancients, or that of the Senate, the bar, the pulpit or the platform style of modern oratory. His style was very peculiar, and there is no modern orator whom he can be said to have imitated, for in thought and matter and manner, he was most original. He was not argumentative. His speeches are wonderfully compact, terse and elegant combinations of facts hurled at an audience in successive explosions of most effective eloquence. His orations are grand pyrotechnic displays of eloquence or grand artillery bombardments, with solid facts for missiles. His language has the effect of the best stump oratory and the elegance of the most classic Senatorial literature. The most effective stump orator of this country, Tom Corwin, did not win

greater triumphs in the Log-cabin campaign in 1840, or more thoroughly arouse the enthusiasm of his political audience than did Mr. Coddington with his patriotic audiences of 1861. But the occasional elegant flights in which Corwin indulged pervaded the whole oration of Mr. Coddington ; and the most studied and classical orations of the Senate are not superior for beauty of finish.

Mr. Coddington—as an eminent statesman once declared—ought to have been one of the first orators of the country. Without a commanding presence, he possessed that graceful gesticulation so well becoming the orator. He had a clear, well modulated voice which imparted distinctness to the utterance of ideas which in terseness and originality, in boldness and trenchant sarcasm have rarely been surpassed by any public speaker of the day. In debate he wielded his facts with great force and precision unaccompanied by that studied ornateness so often characteristic of the student and man of letters.

On the occasion of his great speech in November, 1864, some criticisms appeared in the daily papers of New York which admirably illustrated his style of oratory. The *Herald*, after alluding to the

speeches of General Dix, Judge Pierrepont and General Sickles, said, "but the gem of the occasion was the splendid speech of Mr. Coddington . . . we have heard nothing from the stump for many years superior to his admirable oration. During this canvass, there has been no speech that can at all compare with it either in matter or manner. Its style is terse, vigorous, pungent and epigrammatic. Its logic is unexceptionable. Its sharp, attic wit, bitter satire and vehement invective are capitally relieved by most appropriate poetical imagery and by passages of classical eloquence. In contrast with this bright, fresh, sparkling, impassioned address the labored and elaborate efforts of others appear dull and tedious . . . we can draw no comparison between them and the apt, pithy, telling speech of Mr. Coddington, who exhibits many of the qualifications of the highest school of oratory. Indeed his keen, piercing style and the nervous energy of his statements and illustrations remind us of John Randolph, while his speech is as brief, comprehensive and compact as those of Calhoun." The New York Times speaking of it says: "Passages of it are as full of fervid eloquence as anything in the speeches of Rufus Choate, who was the greatest

master this country has ever seen of his rich and peculiar style of oratory."

Had David S. Coddington possessed more robust health, he would have taken a position in the first rank of statesmen. He possessed a clear head, a keen wit and a silvery voice wherewith to impart his vivid conceptions to his hearers, with great culture and application, and a fund of varied knowledge and information, which readily supplied material for argument or illustration. As a lawyer he would probably have gained with little exertion, an eminent position as an advocate. As a friend, he was devoted and reliable, of a kind and gentle heart, and a man of the strictest honor in his dealings, valuing his promise as a sacred pledge. Had he lived his friends looked confidently forward to the period when he should once more be called to serve his country in some capacity where his abilities would find proper scope. As he died so early, they are consoled to find that he achieved so much in the sphere open for his action, and left such memorials of his patriotism and genius as those which this sketch is intended to preface.

THE
BURNS CENTENARY FESTIVAL.

SPEECH AT MOZART HALL,

JANUARY 25TH, 1859.

MR. PRESIDENT :

WHY is it, sir, that the tear and the goblet are sparkling to-night on two hemispheres by moorland, highland, and street-side?

Why is it that the scattered clans, wherever they roam and whoever they serve, know but one chieftain to-night, as they rally around these far-apart banquets of joy and devotion, where the spell of one sacred name, one holy hour is upon us all; so thoughtful, so grateful, so communicative, have we not come to pour out our souls for the soul which Robert Burns has given us, for the sweet strength he has added to whatever grace of feeling we possess?

Is he not the only man in all Scotland, be he a Wallace, Bruce, or Stuart—is he not the only poet in all Christendom, though he were Dante, Milton, or Shakespeare—who can command these continuous jubilant

birth-nights—these clasped hands, these leaping pulses, those rich old Scottish songs, so fragrant with truth and fellowship, and which have gushed forth so spontaneously, so convivially, anniversary after anniversary, until they have at last reached this sublime epoch of remembrance, this centennial climax of appreciation which binds the hundredth year around the brow of his beauty and his immortality?

It is not because Robert Burns has added a few Scotch rhymes to English literature, that this humble tax-gatherer levies so deeply upon our tears, our memories and our love—it is not merely because a great poet has turned all the rivers and the flowers, the duties and the dreams of his country into harmonious and imperishable verses, that you have summoned around you here to-night the eminent and the cultivated of this land to assist us in saying classically what we all feel so impulsively; but it is because he has touched the great common heart by his identity with the common lot, through the whole varied range of high intellect, profound feeling, and lowly experience; because his muse has dropped a rose in every withered breast, and charmed the rough hand, the breaking heart, into graceful harmony with the necessity of their condition—shedding his songs, as patriots shed their blood, for the glory and honor of his country, the peace and purity of its homes.

With all his faults, (and they were many,) with all his virtues, (and they were more,) stranger and native, classic and rustic, do we not all see the angel of a loving humanity walking in the flames of his genius, and lighting up the vast domain of Anglo-Saxon thought and feeling with new hope and power, ever invoking national unity, individual sympathy, and universal brotherhood?

We know that Campbell is a deathless songster.

Hohenlinden, though a German battle, still reddens with the fire and shudders with the thunder of Scottish genius.

We know that the poetry of Scott will ring along the centuries chivalrously and heroically immortal. Lord Marmion, though slain in story, still lives in the memory of it, and the young Lochinvar, if he got away from the Graeme and the Netherby clans, he cannot escape us. Yet we know, too, that the genius of these poets, without being any more comprehensive than that of Burns, is less identified with the local life and native language of their country. They have said fine things of Scotland, and Scotland is both proud and grateful, but they have sung the twin tale of her glory and her sadness, more as admiring foreigners than loving natives. For them the laurel crown, and the cordial hand;—but the quivering lip, the heaving breast, and the embracing arm,—these, these,—are thine only, oh, bard of Ayrshire!

Every vicissitude of fortune or temperament in Burns finds a congenial mouthpiece. If a Scotsman falls in love, he sends Burns to do the courting, and “Mary in Heaven” comes down and helps him love Nelly in Dumbarton. If a Scotchman is wronged, he seizes a sonnet rather than a musket to vindicate himself. Many a skeptic has turned from the confusing jargon of the churches to find himself, with a few helpful verses of Burns, lifted up into the peaceful regions of a pure and permanent trust. How calmly does the “Cotter’s Saturday Night” glide us into the Sabbath morn, of a holy reverence for its pictures of piety and domestic virtue! So deeply, too, is the genius of Burns imbued with the spirit of patriotism in his war song of “Scots wha hae,” that had he lived at the battle of Bannockburn, it is impossible to say who would have contributed most to the deliverance of the country, Bruce with his impetuous

charge of claymores, or Burns with his vigorous thrust of sentences. One thing is certain, he was the first Scotchman in modern history, who successfully invaded England with his native dialect. Not like Charles Edward, to retreat when within a hundred miles of the capital, but pushing on to London, captured the King and the whole royal family with the magic of his Gaelic inspirations.

Earl Grey is said to have remarked that his persevering efforts in behalf of electoral reform had been much stimulated by the reading of Burns. Is he not the true legislator, who so shapes the heart of statesmanship?

What versatility of genius, too! With all his gravity, how he revelled in the ludicrous! The Duchess of Devonshire is said to have been cured of an ague by laughing over Tam O'Shanter. Tam reeled so comically into the presence of her Grace as to bring on a princely perspiration that broke the fever. Thus, in one breath is he shaking thrones with his appeals to freedom, and in the next, shaking sides with his attacks on our risibilities.

There are those who decry poetry as being illusive and unpractical, and in the same breath employ it to strengthen their practicality. The clerk comes late to his counting room, and the practical merchant particularly reminds him that "the early bird gathers the worm;" or perhaps he would change his business, again the practical man is ready with the poetical reproof that "the rolling stone gathers no moss."

Poetry, next to Christianity, is the richest gift of God to man. All Art, all Science, the spirit of discovery and invention, and even religion itself, depend much upon the enthusiasm and the energy prompted by that union of the thoughtful and the beautiful which we call the poetical element; not only does it cheer us with images of tenderness and sublimity but it relieves truth from all sordid

and conventional restraints, by applying the universal law of appreciation to every form of excellence, independent of partial distinctions, searching out beauty not only in the star that shoots across the heavens, but in the passing acts that flit before our lives, reducing the gold mine to its proper level in the landscape, and elevating the gentlest flower and the humblest effort of duty to kindred communion with the grandest achievement. How much we tolerate in poetry what is forbidden in society! We hang the beggar in our parlors and admire him as an effort of art, while as an effort of nature he is thrust into the street. The genius of Burns assumes neither the dramatic nor the epic form; with much of the sublimity, he has none of the audacity which aspires to occupy fields Homer and Shakespeare have exhausted. His genius is too direct and didactic, too personal and spontaneous, to bear the restraints of grouping and combining character. What he teaches us, he teaches separately and by itself, through genial statements, rather than exciting incidents.

He never would have conceived the madness of Lear, in order to intensify our horror of filial ingratitude, but he would have taken Goneril and Regan by themselves, dismissed the attendants, hushed the drums, put out the foot lights, and streamed such a flood of heaven-sent truths upon their conduct, as would have shamed all the daughters from 'John O'Groat's' to the Fifth avenue. The great aim of Burns' genius is to make us feel truth as lovely, rather than to strike us as grand: not with the imposing artistic complications of the orchestra does he break upon us, but like a lonely bird who has soared into the heavens, and sings to us of their purity, who has lighted on tree top, streamlet, and flower bush, with a loving word for their beauty and their freedom, who has pecked at the palace gates, and knows of their barrenness,

and who at last falls bleeding and wounded upon our bosoms to be guarded and loved ever more.

The poetry of Burns is simply the steps of a poor plain man keeping time to the richest music of the human soul, where obscure joys and uninteresting troubles are sublimed into universal beauties. Every trivial circumstance in his path seems strung with the strings of a harp, so melodiously do all ordinary facts play about him.

How many daisies have been buried in the ploughman's furrow, and yet only *one* shall rise again to bloom on forever in the Heaven of the poet's inspiration! How many dogs have barked and blest their masters with their knowledge and sagacity, yet only "two dogs" shall wag their tails at the coming ages!

Is it not usual for the morning light to play upon the graves of the humble departed? and yet there is one tomb and one form where that "lingering star with lessening ray" shall come and deck that crumbling memorial, for loving companionship, with princes and rulers, and all who feel in its purity that universal passion which has gone through the world, bearing its electric fire into the human breast, and dashing its scarlet spray into the human countenance ever since man's first heart-throb broke on the deep calm of Eden.

The love of Burns, unlike most men's love, was neither a transient passion nor an effeminate crisis in his life, but it formed the basis of his character, prompting and pervading all the better flights of his imagination; even his satires were battles for the heart, (the thistles defending their flower;) at one time this love is a private passion, struggling in the ranks, side by side with other emotions, at another it is a Generalissimo leading on all the forces of the soul to vast and varied aims of comprehensive good; when woman's beauty quickens it, how it shrinks into a

personal fancy, ending in a ditty, or a wedding, as in Mary Morrison; when philanthropy moves it how it expands into universal sympathy, into the sermon of the "unco-righteous," and that deathless line—"A man 's a man for a' that."

Love is a part of the genius of Burns, and cannot be separated from it. Indeed, is not genius itself the love of the mind, making earnestness and sensibility the law of all high thought, as love itself is but the genius of the heart, sending the richest graces of thought and imagination, in the very centre of our emotions for another?

Like life, love's highest hope is to be immortal.

Like death, it is no respecter of persons, for it steals into the ball-room without a card of invitation, and edging its way up to the head couple, rummages under all the diamonds and point-lace embankments of the Duchess until it reaches the stripped-naked heart, shaking it with the most plebeian vigor; then it descends into the kitchen, weaves the dish-cloth into a canopy, and seats down the cook royally under it; indeed, the bell is ringing to replenish the parlor fire, at the very moment when the footman is throwing a scuttle-full of sentiment on his own flame. No nature is complete without this element of character. No zone has escaped it. Now it breathes o'er bustling nations the genial sedatives of peace and good fellowship; now it tempers the awful glaciers of the Alps with the dissolving flame of catholic hospitality; now it breaks meekly upon the earnest heart of Wilberforce; and now it plays its lightning tricks under the flashy waistcoat of "Mr. Toots." It is freer than Charity, for it giveth away itself; it is broader than faith, for it beams on the faithless; it is wiser than reason, for, while reason is groping for a God, love is beaming upon his bosom, and, with outstretched arms, calling upon the true and the

treacherous to hurry under the shelter of its all-embracing presence.

Such was the love and such the teachings of Robert Burns, a crushed and trodden spirit, who, like the sunken mines under our feet, has poured forth his wealth to bless the nations. The age is bristling all over with sharp questions about right and duty. Man is ever calling for a broader and deeper recognition of his humanity, the loftiest brows in every land are wrinkling with schemes to dethrone the crowned errors that baffle the brotherhood of races.

Washington's sword has cut away the outer impediment, Jefferson's pen has framed the outer charter, and as long only as such spirits as Robert Burns' shall follow in their path, moulding the inner life of the nation to beauty and fellowship, so long will humanity be hopeful, reform possible, and freedom safe.

ORATION

DELIVERED AT MONTICELLO, VA., AT THE

TOMB OF THOMAS JEFFERSON,

JULY 4TH, 1859.



FELLOW CITIZENS :

I HAVE come from the city of ten thousand masts, I have come from the golden shores of the commerce-king and the palace home, where the roar of trade and the revels of fashion, the waving flag and the beating heart are busy with the beauty and the wealth of this hour. I have left them all to invoke the holier inspirations of this spot—to gaze with those distant mountains upon the grave of a loftier peak—I have come to bow my pilgrim breast before the cold grey tomb under which lies the withered hand, that penned the fortunes of this day. A hand that drew no blood, led no charge, pierced no foe, yet riddled an ancient monarchy with the bulleted vigor of its virtue and its logic.

Was it not meet that so majestic a reach of character should have enthroned itself upon so imperial a sweep of scenery. And is it not possible that the bold freedom of the Declaration, owes something to the comprehensive

grandeur of the scene where it was first conceived and partly indited. These wide-spreading undulations of plain and upland, these startling contrasts of grassy slope and high roaring precipice, where you cannot move without the spirit of beauty getting up to accompany you, where you cannot do a mean or little thing without something lofty looking down upon it—mountains rising with us in the morning and stretching up with our topmost hope into those impenetrable mists that skirt on immortality, while in the evening, dying suns are showering the rugged summits with a light that shall cheer and chasten our own inaccessible aspirations. Would not such inspiring elements, prompt a great soul to grasp the magnanimous elevations of a great cause, and with corresponding breadth of view diffuse himself more sublimely over the vast range of his country's hopes and interests.

As I stand here this evening upon this consecrated summit, so sacred to that one death, second only in Virginia's love to Mount Vernon's dearer dust, I sink in memory behind the high places of our present fortunes, I pass beyond the formative periods of the Convention and the Constitution, I go back to where no smoke of fraternal battlefields choke the light of peacefully descending suns, to where no Anglo-Saxon sword has pierced the Anglo-Saxon heart, and as I reach that earlier calm, that brooding pause which mentally moulds though it physically waits the dismembering moment, I see before me, breathing this bracing air, contemplating this inspiring view, standing thoughtful, admiring upon this lonely eminence, a young man whose worldly means and heavenly gifts have brought him here to settle, the permanent spirit of this spot. And this is in the year 1769, that year of portentous and gigantic births; that year which gave new

conquerors to empires and new discoveries to science; the year which rocked the cradles of Napoleon and Wellington, of Marshal Soult, Mehemet Ali, and Von Humboldt. Later, in 1772, I see him again as your fathers saw him, toiling up this declivity, through the deep snow of that year. But he is bearing a melting antidote upon his arm. He brings a warmer flame to kindle at the hearth-stone, a softer bosom to mingle with the undulations of the landscape. In the calm preceding the shock of the Revolution, the flower of his affections had sprouted. Without a pound of powder, or a single regiment, the widow Wailes, brought down this sturdy opposer of tyrants, and future ruler of prosperous States upon his knees to a weaker race, that conquers without humiliating the lords of creation.

The graver dignity of history has not suffered by identifying Thomas Jefferson, with a sentiment which cannot be kept out of boarding schools, and will slip into the circulation of kings. Refining without enervating, exclusive but not selfish, impulsive yet conservative, the wildest joy and the soundest policy, that shakes the nerves but steadies the State, melting the citizen into the lover, swearing the lover into the husband, and giving back the husband with renewed dignity and efficiency to the discharge of the civic and domestic relations, this profound political philosopher looked upon personal affection and its legal consequences, not only in the light of a definite and enduring partiality of one to another, but also, as a solid political virtue which armed the patriot with a deeper strength and a stouter pulse to serve his country and perfect his character.

No man has ever administered the general rights or swayed the political thoughts of so many millions of beings, who more closely identified himself with the tastes

and interests of each member of his own family. Jefferson felt that he was serving his cause as much by the judicious rearing of a child, as by drafting stirring resolutions against a tyrant, or discharging the more pompous functions of Supreme power. He knew how one depended and reacted upon the other. He knew how the justice and humanity which come to us through good laws, do not confine themselves to mere out-door life, but like the invigorating breezes of heaven, go whistling through doorway and window pane, down to the very hearth-stone with their chastening music. He knew that if home is the rich contributor to the moral wealth of the nation, so does the government react upon the home, infusing into domestic discipline something of the dignity, the intelligence, and the forbearance which belongs to public authority. How the boy's romp would one day be the nation's energy. How the bounding vivacity of girlhood must calm into the serener enthusiasm of motherly devotion, and how responsible he was, ruler of millions though he might be, for the sensible moulding of their dawning forces. Indeed it may be literally said, that Thomas Jefferson brought up both simultaneously, his family in one hand and his country in the other; alternately contracting himself to the meeker circle of home joys, the more genially to expand into a national blessing. This intense sympathy with individual life, constitutes the groundwork of that deeper faith in mankind, that constant courageous outpouring of self, for all, that belief in the instinctive power of the lesser minds of the masses to strike their own light, and work their own way to knowledge and happiness. This union of mental power and social interest ever moulded his creed to loving dimensions with all mankind, enthroning justice to all men, and room for all men in all places, as the sterling law of pub-

lic duty as well as private feeling, wherever the brain brings the chartered right to rise. In his dialogue between head and heart, he makes the heart say, the world is full of trouble, to relieve its burdens we should share it between us. This with proper modifications is the key to his political system. A creed so grand, so safe, so broad, did it not shape the current of our earlier glory, and does it not plan the theory of our purest passing life? Gleaming paramount through ode, ordinance, and essay; concentrate in motto and proverb; transfixed in medal and statue, glittering on the festal drapery, rolling from the righteous canon, thundering in the deathless speech, the spear of all political fallacies, the hope of all political progress, rising with our prayers, dropping with our tears, difficult as a system, beautiful as an ideal, sometimes possible and always wise, has it not from the golden days of Athens, from Aristotle and the Amphyctionic assembly in the dark deluge of the invasion, through the communal revolutions of the middle ages, under crescent, cross, and feudal tower, the outward myth, the inward hope, shrinking, sinking, yet holding on by no severed link, with buried but dauntless tenacity, all the way from the Tarpeian to the Plymouth rock, landed at last, picking crumbs of privilege from the rich George's table until with its own bright flame it learns to bake its own loaf and lies down to be stunned and starved no more. Did not this sentiment shine like a miner's lamp on Jefferson's brow at the damp, dark commencement, and does it not redden along the heights of a fame second only to Washington's in popularity, and beyond all modern or cotemporary statesmen in breadth of political sympathy and sagacity? In contemplating human greatness, mankind will be most healthfully influenced by those who have been true as well as wise in the measure of their achieve-

ments; who have exhibited most harmony between the greatness of their deeds and the purity of their lives.

Does not the worship of great men constitute the only religion of a large portion of the human race, and are not these fair ideals too often shattered by abrupt inconsistencies of career, by painful contrasts between noble thoughts and ignoble weaknesses, which acting on lesser minds tend to content and conform them in their own predisposed and now high-sanctioned degeneracy? Could all the sententious eloquence of the accuser of Catiline vindicate the morbid vanity so apparent in the biography of Cicero? How the "Common Sense" of Thomas Paine brightened and braced up the old colonial spirit, yet did not this Paine defy Christ, embrace the bottle, and leave America no safe spot to date his eulogy from?

Is a distinguished author of our day quite sure that his "Household Words" are not loftier than his household deeds? Thomas Jefferson was a "plane of continued elevations," a complete harmony in life, mind, and character. His fame does not rest upon an eminence reached by the spasmodic upheaval of a few excellencies which often leave wide chasms of defects yawning beneath their higher traits.

He did not, like Seneca, declaim against avarice with a million at usury. He will not like England's great chancellor astonish all mankind with his wisdom in discovering the truth and his meanness in taking bribes to suppress it. Nor like the great orator Fox, who poured forth such golden sentences upon the public credit and dropped not even one copper into the ear or hand of his own private creditors. Thomas Jefferson not only paid his own debts but beggared himself in discharging the obligations of others. He endorsed his name upon his country when she most needed the credit of that name,

and those services and this make him immortal. He wrote that name upon his friend's paper, and had he lived, it would have driven him from these lofty halls whose roof for more than half a century had domed his dearest joys and noblest conceptions. Halls which have witnessed the confidential consultations of some of the wisest and best men who have ever been called to the government of any land. Here for weeks and months passed many of the secluded hours of President Madison, one of the ablest framers, and President Monroe, one of the safest administrators, of the American Constitution. So frequent and familiar were their visits, that yonder door opens upon the "Madison Chamber," and farther on, the "Monroe Room," designates how closely those co-workers in a glorious statesmanship, were linked to personal sympathy and social brotherhood. How often have those three Presidents paced these halls with anxious solicitude and in deep patriotic communings for the success of measures which should counteract less wise and less temperate efforts of party feeling and selfish rivalry. How often, where I now stand, have these three Presidents drank their tea, invoked their God, and determined those measures of public utility which have gone forth to disarm faction, strengthen the Republic, and immortalize themselves. Was it not in this hall that Lafayette stepped from the unfinished portico, on his last visit to the United States, and clasped in one long speechless embrace the associate of his earlier and surer triumph? I see them now only a few feet from where I stand. I behold the meeting of Jefferson and Lafayette; I witness their embraces. They cannot speak; their hands are clasped, their breasts heave, their lips quiver; they cannot speak, for a loving, helpful, deathless past is filling them with tears and choking them with memories. They are think-

ing of the great friend who has crumbled away, since long ago in field and counsel they planned and won the right together. They are thinking of this great cause which went forth an armed and tattered hope, now returned a peaceful, well-dressed fact, which shall bind for all time in America's grateful glory that host and that guest, as there they stand locked in each other's arms, the founders and the compeers of America's better life.

The genius of this spot seemed always to reassure the republican sentiment, and no matter how despondent or exhausted the owner might seek his home from the perplexities of official life, or the acrimonious assaults of political enemies, there was always something in the calm beauty and purity of the scene to cheer his faith and scatter the bolt.

Perhaps the most enduring memorial of the variety and reach of Jefferson's powers are to be found in his extensive correspondence upon Mechanics, Metaphysics, Natural Philosophy, Religion, and Politics with the great and the learned of his time in Europe and America. And always with a depth of knowledge and a force of reasoning without a parallel in one whose life had been devoted to the comparatively superficial and distracting duties of active political leadership. He reasons with Cuvier and Buffon on natural history and zoology; against Cuvier he maintains his theory upon the size and physiology of animals with an ability and pertinacity, which in one instance verified his accuracy, by producing at an enormous personal expense the horns of a moose, 20 feet longer than Cuvier had declared it possible to exist. With Clark, when about to explore the Louisiana purchase, during his administration, he urges upon the intrepid traveller the advantages of the equatorial time table in determining his longitude, and with an ingenuity of

argument and illustration that prove how much he must have observed and experimented upon the subject. In farming, engineering and architecture, the chemical treatment of soils, the growth of tobacco, the importing and transplanting of trees, the possibilities of wine and grape culture, banishing the doctors, and curing the measles with his own prescriptions, inventing games for his children, advising with them in the minutest offices of dress or conduct, from the tying of a ribbon bow to the keeping of a commandment; and all this, too, while his whole energies seemed to be absorbed in the graver duties of administering the government: in founding a great party, cementing a durable policy, supporting Washington, supplanting Adams, nullifying Hamilton, warring on the throne threatens, bargaining with the god of war, at Paris, for a vast territorial support to his logic and his country. Corresponding, too, with Dr. Priestly upon religion, in a tone of discriminating reverence that refutes those bilious volleys against his Christianity, which induced a certain New York clergyman, who visited his grave, to declare that he lay buried like a dog as he should. There was more religion in one wag of that dog's tail than in all the barking orthodoxy of such letters. Jefferson's religion, like his politics, his philosophy, and that unerring good sense which he brought to bear upon every form of duty, was the result of conscientious conviction. And these convictions were the uniform promptings of that full, rounded, thoroughly developed manhood, which impressed a successful individuality upon every element with which he grappled. With great men great actions are but the necessary fulfilments of their own natures, and these outpourings of soul which startle the world only relieve them. Even the Declaration of Independence, the most prominent point in his career, which

sent his name echoing to the Pyramids, dropped serenely and naturally from him as his obvious share in a great crisis. What a fine subject for an historical painting, the grouping of that sub-committee of three who were deputed by their associates to report a draft of the Declaration. John Adams, the Colossus of the Revolution, and Benjamin Franklin, the greatest philosopher of his day, turning involuntarily to Jefferson, as the ablest mouth-piece to the world of the difficulty and the remedy. Does not Franklin seem to say, I brought lightning from heaven, but yours is the hand to hurl it in graceful periods at the enemy? Without Washington's serene blending of the thoughtful and the heroic, he was equally devoted by will and mental adaptation to the civil side of a reconstructing era. It will be always to the interest of American emulation distinctly to preserve Washington's character above and apart from critical comparisons with his Revolutionary associates. If any one of them developed a faculty or a form of success greater in any particular direction than Washington exhibited, if Jefferson was the greatest expounder of the democratic creed, if Hamilton stands to the Federalists as the unapproachable exponent of their centralizing faith, if Otis and Adams wooed the goddess of liberty with the prompt, fiery rhetoric of gods, if General Greene achieved a masterly retreat and overcame almost insurmountable obstacles in generalship, if Allen and Putnam performed almost incredible feats of physical hardihood, these individual characteristics, as elements of instruction, as subjects of pride and gratitude, should always, and will always, hold their place in the appreciation of posterity. But Washington not only led armies and settled States, but, by harmony of mental and moral organization, fused all these individual excellencies and particular antagonisms into

one grand complete military and civil success. While others stand to America as types of some special relation, he represents the highest and most complete form of abstract excellence known to practical life. To the proud worldly business man, he is the grandest American form of successful ambition. To the theorist, the Christian and moralist, the most exquisite realization of duty in love and sacrifice under the severest of earthly temptations.

While with hushed awe and impotent analysis, we leave Washington upon his lonely peak, the merits of those who surrounded him, who have more or less determined since the civil polity of the government, will be fair subjects for criticism, as well as gratitude. To be discriminatingly grateful we must be cognizant of the extent of service which each one has rendered. All the great lights helped the crisis, and all have admirers. But what Henry, dropping the spirit of a giant from the lips of a seraph; what Jay, delicate, conservative, and intellectual; what Lee, finished, forcible and fastidious; what Randolph, his eye rolling like a globe with the Union on fire in it, with fervor pungent, peculiar and satirical; what Madison, so modest, so pure and comprehensive; who among them all, like Jefferson, have left patient students, determined vindicators, constant quoters, lasting followers of their creed and life? Whose name is next to Washington's, is so deep in the patriot's heart, whose name so helps the partisan's cause and yet so rebukes the violence, the malignity and the selfishness of the partisan's life? If Hamilton left a policy or a party, like the king at a masquerade, it was killed in one of its disguises, and now lies mouldering with the remains of the late Whig organization. Many and contradictory have been the comparisons drawn between these great chiefs and founders of America's constitutional statesmanship. In their lifetimes

both looked upon each other as deranged giants. Hamilton viewed Jefferson as a patriotic but dangerous, because inordinate believer in the good sense and morality of the people. Jefferson distrusted the republicanism of a man who was the affianced lover of British institutions, and though his intentions were honest, he believed the policy of Hamilton tended to a reaction against liberal principles, which must render all they had suffered, and all they had accomplished, only a dramatic episode, a temporary cessation in the hopeless permanency of re-established tyranny. Yet the very alarm of each was a benefit to both. The fear of others is often the cure of ourselves. As homœopathy has frightened allopathy into small doses, so Jefferson's confidence in the people was possibly prevented from degenerating to extremes by the equally intellectual antagonism that confronted him. And there is no question but that Hamilton could never have retained his high position as the equipoise of Washington's administration, without that pacifying modification of doctrine so imperative in the harmonizing atmosphere of the chief.

Washington's administration was born of the unanimity of national gratitude, and demanded a corresponding conciliation in framing the national issues.

It was a government of hope and thought, where policy should exist without rancor when it is urged without experience, where trade and currency, bank and tariff, must be intellectual disputes before they can settle into conceded truths.

In organizing periods of government when thought is active and experience limited, every ably supported theory will have its champions. The alien and sedition acts were believed by many to be a healthy check on the abuse of free speech; laws against witchcraft, in New

England, seemed indispensable for the protection of good society, against the return of absolute monarchy under Lucifer! and the followers of Jefferson and Hamilton, then nearly equally divided, how stand they all now in the popular regard. After long years of trial and development, after more than doubling the number of States and increasing the population eight hundred per cent., does not the policy of Jefferson control and has it not controlled the government for more than fifty, out of the seventy years of its existence? Is it not the father of every liberal act which has rectified the early crudities, and calmed the early and later fears of less wise, less hopeful periods of public sentiment? Has it not, with one or two accidental exceptions, seated its chiefs quadrennially in the central chair? Has it not administered our foreign relations in a spirit at once watchful, vigorous, and abstemious? has it not fought its way to the throne of popular approval, through the rain and lightning of a supremé adverse eloquence, of stump, press, and tribune? Has it not sobered the intemperance of trade by its stop and pay policy, crushing with its own veto an arrogant bank charter, despite of all its silvery defences? And when the importations were drowned in excess of duties, did it not shake the overtax from rustling silk and weakened tea? Under the storm of your passing politics, under the temporary struggles of Goggin and Letcher, of opposition and administration, beneath dark lantern and dark skin, and every wave of sectional and national agitation, lies the calm, perpetual pearl of Jefferson's liberal, admonitory, Union-loving, love-enkindling faith.

The sun which rolls once a day over this dull clod, dispenses no more comforting beams than his words have shot into the dark bosom of suffering nations. The fruit that buds so temptingly pendent in the surrounding

prospect shall yield no such grateful plenty, as the clustering truths that still drop from the ripened reach of his philosophy. The birds that come and perch upon the trees planted by his hands, and soothe with their gentle cadences the disembodied complacent shade, warble no such free and joyous melodies as those deeper tones in which he called a drooping and discordant people to redemption.

Is not the grave wise as well as cold, and does not this hacked and pilfered granite, so significant of that rapacious gratitude which breaks the tomb to prop the recollections of it, does it not lift us with a grander strength to the heroic level of the day, and stir our hearts warmer and deeper than bugle strain, or bannered march, or measured speech, or any of those explosive stimulants to remembrance with which praise has summoned art and genius to share and shape the current gladness? Does it not say to us, Here lies the crumbling husk of a truth that is nourishing us all? Here lies all that can die of that philosophy which gave to your politics an enduring party, and of that patriotism which assisted us to a country; fulfilling in one age the deep want of all the ages?

Can there be a holier help to the programme of this commemoration, than to chasten it with the dust of him who was the central figure in this day's convention, the classic spokesman of this day's resolve. Who plucked from their gloomy foreheads the brooding thoughts of three millions of colonists, and with the richest grace of England's speech, shapes the tale of England's wrong, defies the peal of England's gun, snaps the stretch of England's chain, and from a wider, warmer, bolder angle of revolutionary light, streams upon the world that deathless string of glittering generalities, which an eastern orator has so devoutly designated the Declaration of Independence. Aye, and it did glitter, like the morning sun

as it shone upon the bayonets of our advancing army, and through the gushing tears of an anxious, suffering, reviving people. Aye, and it did glitter as it rose in the highest atmosphere of our achievements, and dropped like a ball of fire upon the startled throne of the royal tax-gatherer, elevating complaint into statesmanship, disciplining provincial murmurs into national rights, rounding off dejected, disjointed rebellion into vigorous, hearty, compact revolution, and reducing the lawful sovereignty of an oppressive prince to the meaner antagonism of an outlawed and discomfited innovation. Thus for all time will this string of generalities glitter a rosary where kneeling nationalities shall tell their beads to the holy spirit of liberty, as it beckons them on to freedom, truth, and progress. It is for this that thirty-three States turn their faces towards that grave to-day. It is for this that the grateful tear rolls down Pennsylvania's iron cheek, and California bends here in spirit her golden knee. It is for this that Maine and Georgia nod their acquiescing pines, and the kid glove of the Fifth Avenue, and the hard, bare hand fresh from the crash of a frontier oak, clasp in concurrent pressure over the benefactor of all.

Why else is it, that the powder and panegyric of the past have not exhausted the enthusiasm for this day? Why else does the rocket of oratory still stream into the heaven of this inspiring theme, and breaking into stars of eulogy, fall like the early blessing in golden showers, upon ever receding and advancing anniversaries? Has not this day, too, helped to mould that Constitutional bullet which is now tearing its mangled way along the broken columns of the oppressors of Italy? And does not the Franco-Sardinian triumph pause and part its bleeding ranks, that the healing spirit of this day may pass through, to cheer and sanctify a kindred purgation?

I do not mean to say that the spirit of this Declaration, so brave, so thoughtful, so appropriate, would have seemed aught else than an ambitious paradox, had not the blade of Washington gleamed in front of it, and the sturdy fortitude of the people bristled behind it; I do not mean to say that even then, with the dead all buried, and the foe all gone, swords dropped, heads raised, the embraces, the congratulations, and the huzzas for a common flag unfurled, and a common hope secured, I do not say that even then, there would have been anything in the spectacle, but a fine embarrassment, a successful discord, a wide-reaching sense of something gained, but nothing sure, had not our ancestors wisely conceived that a flying, acquiescing enemy was only one side of a true battle; that there is a constructing as well as a destroying element in all substantial victories; that a people who would retain calmly and permanently the elevation reached through mere temporary excitement of mere physical effort, must be capable of forbearance as well as assault; must be lovers of peace as well as heroes of war; must be ever ready with the thought before the blow; must feel deeply, and feel habitually and practically the necessity for order, for intelligence, for obedience to law, for patience in bearing with trials as well as hope in looking for blessings, whose alternating possibilities so cheer and imperil the life of a new truth.

To secure all this, much was to be accomplished, and something to be forborne. A wise people will remember, in constructing a new system, how much of the old difficulty deserves to be respected, how much of the past must be dropped, how much of the future should be anticipated and incorporated into a government destined to be administered widely and permanently, for many equal sovereignties, with their sharp, watchful, local life, their ever-

changing politics, their sectional antagonisms and their varied conflicts of peaceful but perplexing interests, looking to this wide, general, federal life, for the harmonizing element, which should mould them into one common brotherhood of feeling and fortune, at once the umpire of their differences, and the symbol of their nationality. To achieve such a consummation at such a period, divides, if it does not distance, all the glory of the battles that preceded it. Not that we would or could underrate the merits of that seven years' conflict. A war, intimate and individual, because a war for existence rather than policy: a war with less of the dignity of great battles than the dramatic intensity of fugitive encounters. A war often with only a wagon tongue for artillery, God for a judge, and all history for applause. A war with bleeding feet for a surer footing, a war that could live upon a potatoe to rout a king; a war behind fences, behind barns, on the old haystack, under the tottering shed, charging with a regiment or a dog, hurling a brick, whizzing a stool, destroying the harvest, blighting the fruit, darkening the sun, anything, anywhere, so it crush the foe, shatter the wrong, and clear the land.

Would not such a contest require more judgment in a commander and more nerve in the troops, where ambulence and ambushade rendered numbers almost powerless and tactics often useless? To rush up to an enemy with miles of companions cheering on your courage, with thousands all around you ready to help you strike, and ready to help you die, to be provided with every camp and field equipment, well fed, well clothed, glittering with expensive armor, thirsting for expectant booty, with all the tramp and pomp of stirring drum and streaming flag and rushing hosts, to make death look grand as well as dreadful, with such surroundings when the soldier sinks away,

brave battalions go down with him, silken banners droop lightly over him, and far-off tears fall for him, sad but safe from the ruthless carnage. But when Freedom calls her sons to battle, the fight is less for victory than for safety. It does not wait always to hoard itself on pompous battle fields, it has not time always for dainty selections of position for strategical manœuvres, for reconnaissances, for artistic feints and counter-movements. It is too busy with nature to wait for science. If it sees the foe, it feels the wrong and strikes the blow, whether it be to bleed, to die, or to triumph. In mass or in detail, debouching or encamping, asleep or awake, through burning sand, on cracking ice, over the unfathomable, up the inaccessible, round the impervious, the spirit of liberty moves on with shoeless feet, cheering the foodless body through the pathless forest. The pillar of fire is there to light the way, the manna has fallen from the approving heavens, the rod has come to strike the rock, and as the dying patriot's life-blood ebbs away, his glazed eye sees the martyr's crown descending. He fights not for fame, for adventure, for family compacts, for old traditions, or new acquisitions, for Hapsburg, Guelph, or Romanoff. He strikes for his home, his shop, his farm, his blushing bride, his prattling babe, the grassplat where he rolled when a boy, the old family Bible, the tin-cup by the well, the smile, the ease, the calm of sure possession, the right to speak when he thinks it, and to do right when he knows it. This is not a mere war, but an insurrection of humanity to readjust the lost harmony of creation. Yet wars for freedom are common wars. Every nation under the sun has fought them and won them at some period of their lives. Have not the passive nations, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Scandinavia; have not the wild notes of freedom rung through the Cymbric forests and awakened the

earlier but less degenerate German, from the gloom of his paralyzing dynastic metaphysics? Have not the sensational nations, have not France and Spain and Italy and even wiltering turbaned Turkey, with the loaded muzzle of the Slavonic gun at her breast, have not and do not all these taste the sweet waters of self-won independent national life? Has not shivering Poland and melting Hayti and silver-veined, blood-freckled Mexico unfurled to different zones a humanizing as well as a depraving, a gracious as well as a ghastly epoch, of *E Pluribus Unum*?

Do we point to the bleeding feet, the empty purse, the powerful foe, and the undeveloped strength of the country, as the test of superior results with adverse means, but does not the poor, hardy Briton contend for ages against Roman, Scot, and Dane, and did not the Caliph Omar conquer all Asia on barleywater? What then sets the broad, common seal of universal applause upon us? It is that having won independence, we organized the victory into a destiny, instead of permitting it to evaporate into a tradition. After the battle over the enemy, we conquered ourselves. I do not mean to say that we merely framed a constitution, that was commendable, but that was also usual.

France constructed beautiful theories of government. The Abbe Sieyes' pigeon-holes were full of brilliant constitutions. And is not Mexico gifted with a like facility of political expression? But did not France and Mexico forget that the constitution of the individual must come to the support of the constitution of the state?—"You must and you shan't" on paper is nothing without "I ought and I will" lies deep in the heart and faith of the man.

One of the great leading virtues of republicanism, is the moral abstinence of its leaders, who can avoid the

temptations to overthrow their own great work, when it interferes with their own love of office. This selfish thirst for prominence, this intense personal egotism which thinks "I" so necessary to the state, a weakness as telling in war, as it is threatening and embarrassing under the calm, wise rotation of official life. Did it not help to destroy French liberty by confusing and over-working French glory? Was not the Mexican constitution of 1824 in the main a liberal, genial moulding of its national life, and was not the first term of the chief office the last free-working of the instrument? Why? Because the end of official victory was the beginning of personal treachery. Because the animal love of self came before the thoughtful remembrance of right, and when the ballot dropped the candidate, the candidate seized the bayonet to pierce the ballot; forgetting that his country was greater, his glory surer, his interest more secure, and his children certain of a prouder inheritance, by obeying that ballot, than could be secured through any temporary ascendancy of successful treason.

The difference between American liberty and the liberty which other nations have attempted, is the difference between patience and self-denial, in waiting for the fair working of a system independent of all personal defeats, and that selfish liberty which concludes a system exploded, because a man or measure is for a time unsuccessful. When an American loses his office he keeps his temper. If he goes home disappointed he is not disaffected. If troops are to be summoned they consist of well-mounted arguments. If banners are to wave, they glisten with the issues of the next contest. A better sagacity teaches him his truest revenge is in watching and exposing the defects in the policy or powers of his successful adversary. This revenge is mounted upon a stump,

buried in an article, passed in a resolution, and diffused in intense hand-bills through the land, where thought may resolve the truth, and opinion decide the contest. Thus the system lives, power rotates, and America is safe. Not that we are exempt from any and all the vices of other nations,—not that we do not love money equal to the Jew, and power as much as the Hapsburg,—not but we have jurists that misconstrue the statute, and officials who degrade their office, great crimes and little meanesses which no civil system shall pluck from this human system. But we possess the virtue to keep those vices in constitutional subjection to law, to public sentiment, and the original compact. And when vices are thus repressed within the limits of personal responsibility without molesting a better development, then democratic America, independent of all incidental weaknesses, has taken one great step towards the improvement and elevation of the human race.

It is the fashion of some brilliant European satirists to ask what has the great Republic accomplished besides geography and gasconade. Your pride dilates, your population increases, and your empire widens, but does truth expand with them? You build fine ships, you raise good cotton, and play a strong game of chess, but is order as well preserved as in France, has opinion as fair play as in England, are not high taxes and low morals, grogbought votes, light fingers and heavy speeches, the laws of your political life? Where is that millennium of motives, that approximation to perfection promised by free institutions? Democracy means perfection no more than revolution in government means revolution in human nature. Our democracy does not pretend to reconstruct the human mind, but it removes the hereditary power, crushing excuse for not reconstructing itself. It says to

the individual life and to the national life, I have removed the great central hinderance to the liberal development of your thoughts and interests. I have purged your land of imperial self-elected arbiters; I have thrown open every attainable position to your ambition, your industry, your genius and your sense of duty. If the humblest man keep the law he shall help to make the law, and to rise by the law. If the greatest man break the law he shall feel and fall by the compact outraged, the truth forgotten, and the boon forfeited. Would you be great among the nations, great among yourselves, true before God, and the progress for which you are striving? Would you justify this radical deviation from the established systems of the older nations? Would you leave anarchy no chance, tyranny no plea, envy no sneer, then let the shivered dream of disappointed Europe be the sweet realization of successful America. Raise yourselves up to the level of the good man's hope, above the range of the bad man's logic. Read, think, watch, work, pray and wait. Accept all men's thoughts, reject all men's chains. While you refuse England's tax invoke England's genius. Call on Shakespeare's deep heart and brain, born for Lion, Lily, Shamrock, Thistle, or Eagle, sinking so mysteriously into the whole reflective life of humanity—call on Milton, who shall come to you with a deep strength that shall do its part in making this liberty a paradise regained, as to other nations it has ever been a paradise lost. Call on the Apostles fresh from communing with a God. Their faith and their love shall be the arches of your own amelioration. Let science that disciplines, and trade that sharpens, and art, and poetry, and eloquence which warm and beautify the valley of the shadow through which you are passing,—let all these and the failures, and the little weaknesses that add to the

common experiences, and the great examples which stir life's better moments,—let the example of Washington, whose calm features invoke you as they lie looking out from every letter sent, from every letter received, a perpetual admonition that your confidential as well as your open purposes be pure and patriotic,—let the good and true of all times and regions, despite of boundary, passport or clanship, pour their vast wealth of help into the advancing march of this hopeful, possible experiment of American liberty. This is what democracy promises, justice demands, and humanity deserves. Our democracy then is non-intervention. Keep off others while you help yourselves.

It is the fortune of our political system that the available intelligence of the country has increased more rapidly than the evils inseparable from the existence of an unrestrained liberty of thought and action. Before the licentiousness of the press came the healthful freedom of the press. Anterior to official corruption, there presided over public employment a spirit purified by the memory of its sufferings, and which prompted the holders of public trusts to become rather the tutors than the robbers of those who confided in them. The moral side of our adversity has raised the community of these States above and beyond the degenerating influences of our prosperity; official life is no longer the leading life, because it has dissevered thought from place, and has ceased to satisfy the mental cravings of the unofficial intelligence that has grown up silently but solidly beyond it.

Notwithstanding the Declaration of Independence, every man must bend his knee to some one; yet you will seldom hear those hinges creaking to a mere "Honorable," or "Excellency." A good preacher, a brilliant lecturer, has more personal influence than a President of the

United States. And he keeps longer possession of that better White House, a substantial duty-domed appreciation. In early days politics were respected for what they had achieved, now they are tolerated for what they suggest. The earlier founders are gone, the later and profounder interpreters have sunk away without leaving hardly an heir, or a ghost, to their intellectual thrones. These gigantic elevations have disappeared to be reproduced in the average elevation of the nation. Denuded of her great men, America falls back upon the general splendor of her destiny. No longer relying upon the gifts of a few superiors, she works more and worships less.

To you, O Virginians! in times past was soon committed the milk, the brain and the spear of this democracy. Your Washington achieved it; your Jefferson expounded it; your Madison and your Monroe administered, strengthened and distributed it to new eras and to new States, the bread and Bible of their expanding political life. If Virginia has been content with this deeper glory—if she has forgotten to grasp, in her ability to teach—if, for the ship of State, she has neglected all other shipping, and like those gifted spirits who have been too busy with thought to load the body with jewelry and laces, then has she at least a share in the glory of the material grandeur that encompasses her more bustling sister States. If New York city has accumulated more gold, does not Virginia's earlier soul put the pulse into those dumb-shining power-gods, and make them throb with a truer value. We have streets that could buy States, and alleys that might purchase Territories. In this western world, Wall Street is the fiscal crutch upon which lame Commonwealths limp to fortune. But is not Virginia the moral bosom from whence America draws the nerve and the nourishment of her loftier fate?

Like the sun, New York capital penetrates every crevice of the confederacy, gleaming through the forest leaves and along the hunter's track, stopping the fire of the prairie with the fire of its own circulation, and hushing the cry of the panther and the wolf in the safer roar of legitimate trade. Does it not build cities, launch navies, send the warm heart of philanthropy shivering into the Arctic circle, where this ever restless capital feels with its golden hand, among the lonely ices of the North, for the lost navigator of England? And yet, has not Virginia's thought and heart, not only sought for, but *found* that lost navigator of humanity and the world, the truth which has made love and happiness possible through a wisely guarded liberty?

How poor and cheap seem the rich man's wealth, and the pioneer's axe and muscle—how weak and inefficient all the tools and the toils of settlement, clearing a copse, dodging a tomahawk, breaking a plough, losing a wife or a crop—how unrecompensed the loss, if Virginia's charter is not there to cheer and chasten the vicissitude; if such sweet music as the Declaration and the Farewell Address break not once a year upon the new atmosphere to educate the emigrant's ear, his heart and his child, to do their part in the building up and advancing of this multiplied galaxy of sovereignties. Yet Virginia is not merely a great memory, her present facts lie bold and beautiful all around us. This lovely scenery is full of them; your uplands covered so unusually high with available soil; your fertile valleys that hoard all the descending nourishment of the Alleghanies, that boundless mineral wealth, which near and distant enterprises are plotting to pluck from the depths of your western ranges; while from a thousand intersecting angles innumerable water courses are sparkling and bounding, and calling with all their passionate

poetry of liquid utterance for the wheels that shall turn their beauty to good account. And does not the increase of plank and rail roads projected and accomplished, tell of the newly awakened energy of the people, and point to an early removal of those temporary obstacles to an extended and equally diffused prosperity?

And now, after all that has been uttered and hoped of this 4th of July, what invoking influence has it upon the people? After all the logic, the sentiment, the exhaustive analysis, the broad reach of national duties enjoined, the near possession of personal rights commended, the imagery, and the pathos with which genius and gratitude have gorged this heroic hour, does it really tone and admonish the advancing fortunes of this nation? are we a wiser and better community for its coming? Does it drop its wholesome example of love and faith into the unseen rills of private conduct, purifying both business and pleasure? Does it pour its glorious examples of courage, magnanimity and self-sacrifice into the wider channels of public achievement, winging our leaders to a loftier patriotism, and so chastening the temptations which beset them, that purity and honesty shall become the most fascinating forms of prominent endeavor? As the earlier and the earnest Fourth recedes, will not the dazzling glare of a rapidly expanding success by degrees efface the instructive gloom of the past, until the later Fourth retains only the noise without the moral, the cracker without the flash of high warning?

Is not every individual freeman by nature a despot, and is not freedom really the promptings of a disappointed love of tyranny, that writhes to see the one despot enjoy what all crave but cannot share? Is not New England with her overwhelming anti-slavery majority, the bitterest slave-driver, when she emigrates southward;

and do they not say that Howard the philanthropist was exacting in his own household?

The salvation of our system so far is, that wealth does not act in politics, and therefore it cannot plot; while wealth only thinks in trade, it may be sharp, narrow and selfish, but it is not dangerous to the State, because it does not attempt to corrupt the State. Its money bags during the rich man's life are but the harmless furniture of a bank vault, a railroad contract, and when he dies, it only sends a few light headed-heirs reeling to the Coliseum or the Boulevard. But let us imagine Mr. Astor smitten with an active persevering passion for politics. Shall I say, or you say what office he could not buy? If a man with one-tenth of his wealth, and no more intellect, could be a Governor and a U. S. Senator, I do not pretend to point to the harbor his golden rudder would not steer him into. Not that corrupt politicians for the present are anything but laughable nonentities, with no great men to think for them, and few rich ones to pay for them, yet the great danger is that, with the immense facilities for accumulating wealth, a class of rich intellectual men must rise between the great present strength of the country, the honest working man, and the penniless demagogue. The rich man too thoughtful to be idle, too wealthy to work, must do something, and that something will be the plotting for power; this has ever been in all countries the destiny of that class, because politics is a compromise between sensuality and literature. It has the excitement of dissipation with the thoughtfulness of a mental effort. All experience proves that our virtues thrive best upon a *threatened competency*. When we possess enough to be comfortable but not the overplus that begets self-sufficiency and indifference. Now the momentum of the old truth is still upon us. The great

names burned in fire upon our hearts still influence us. We are a working and acquiring people. Idle wealth has not yet begun to actively influence industry nor way-lay honesty. But must not that dread day come, when the replenishing element of emigration has ceased, when the vast solitudes are exhausted of their fertility by the drain of central cities, and silk skirts are trailed upon the Rocky Mountains, when those great names of our past that look so solemn and so beautiful to our present gratitude shall be somewhat dimmed by years, and newer eras of experience, and more dazzling forms of selfishness shall have brought by contrast distrust upon the existence of Washington; are there any elements or symptoms in our present life that give us the right to place ourselves above history, that we shall not sink back again, first to demagogues' dupes, then autocrats' serfs, as surely as the freest land touches at its farthest extremity, geographically, upon the despot's vast cold iron home?

Yet the spirit of the day is hope not history; before we reach that far alternative and descent, let us believe that new and greater elevations beckon to us from the mists of the future. Let us believe that we are to be the founders of purer races, discoverers of greater truths, the destroyers of evils that have obstructed the better growth of past ages; and with the inspiring faith lifting us above the meaner promptings of this material life, we shall reach a deeper possibility of deviation from the revolving periods of decay.

Then, if that decay must come, He who holds us in the hollow of his hand will but fold his dissolving children more warmly to his central bosom, and we shall feel how good it was for us that the shadows of lesser worlds should pass over us, and through change make us fit for the unchangeable.

SPEECH

AT THE

GREAT MEETING IN UNION SQUARE,

APRIL 20TH, 1861.



FELLOW-CITIZENS :

THE iron hail at Fort Sumter rattles on every northern breast, and has shot away the last vestige of national and personal forbearance. A loaf of bread on its way to a starving soldier was struck from his mouth by a shot from his own brother. You might saturate the Cotton States with all the turpentine of North Carolina; you might throw upon them the vast pine forests of Georgia, then bury the Gulf storms' sharpest lightning into the combustible mass, and you would not redden the southern horizon with so angry a glow as flashed along the Northern heart when the flames of Fort Sumter reached it. To-day, bewildered America, with her torn flag and her broken charter, looks for you to guard the one and restore the other. How Europe stares and liberty shudders, as from State after State that flag falls, and the dream breaks! Hereafter Southern history will be as bare as the pole from which the Sundered pennant sinks, and treason parts with

the last rag that concealed its hideousness. I know how common and how easy it was to dissolve the Union in our mouths. Dangerous words like dangerous places possess a fearful fascination, and we have sometimes looked down from the heights of our prosperity with an irresistible disposition to jump off.

This old ghost of disunion is at last a verity. For years it has been skulking semi-officially about the Capitol. Through the whole range of our parliamentary history every great question, from a tariff to a Territory, has felt its clammy touch. Did it not drop its death's head into the tariff scales of '33, hoping to weigh the duties down to a conciliation level? Did it not shoot its ghastly logic into the storm of '20, and frighten our soundest statesmanship into that crude calm called the Missouri Compromise? Did it not sit grinning upon the deck of all our naval battles, hoping to get a turn at the wheel, that it might run the war of 1812 upon a rock? Did it not stand up upon the floor of Congress and shake its bony finger in the calm face of WASHINGTON? And did not our fathers, who stood unmoved the shock of George the Third's cannon, shudder in the presence of this spectre, when they thought how the infant Republic might be cast away upon its bleak and milkless breast? Then it was a thin, skulking, hatchet-faced ghost, living on the crust of partial local politics; at last, fed upon the granaries of Northern and Southern fanaticism, it has come to be a rotund, well-fed, corpulent disaster. Southern passion may put on war-paint; Southern statesmanship may attempt to organize a pique into an empire, to elevate a sulk into a sacrament, by marrying disappointment to revolution and reducing a temporary constitutional minority into a hopeless organic political disaster, yet Northern interests and Northern pride will never, while there is a dollar to spend or an arm to

strike, acquiesce in the disruption of this world-envied, God-favored, and gulf-bound Confederacy.

Talk of the wise statesmanship of the South! Had they allowed Kansas to become a Free State, without that vindictive imperiousness of opposition which proclaimed them to be quite as much opposed to Free Government as to Free Soil, Jeff & Co. would have been in possession of the National Government at this moment. Although the repeal of the Missouri Compromise awoke the North from its deep sleep upon the slave question, yet the most economical outlay of prudence would have continued them in possession of the Government for an indefinite future. Then Mexico would have been possible without the awful leap which copies her morals without the hope of possessing her territories. South Carolina once lived upon a potato to rout a king, and she is fast going back to that immortal vegetable, in order to crown a fallacy. Our Republicanism means the whole nation, or it means nothing. Together the parts temper each other, asunder the aristocracy of the slave power makes equality a myth, and the free radical North less safely Democratic.

You may break friendship, break hearts, and call conventions to break laws, but nature stands and runs on through the gap you have made with tongue or pen. What! split the Blue Ridge that joins Pennsylvania to Virginia! No Mississippi winding through our States! No Gulf wave moaning on our sand-beach! No sugarcane sweetening our landscape!

When the South seceded, not a contract made for the meanest consideration in the farthest Northern village, but feels and is wronged by an act which withdraws the great enfolding area of the Union from its promised and universally supposed protection. If Washington is to be no longer known as the successful contender for a combined

and self-regulating nationality; if Bishop Berkeley's star of empire has crumbled away into belligerent asteroids, and we are to fall, like Cæsar, at the base of this black Pompey's pillar—we shall at least go into this holy battle for the Constitution with no law broken, and no national duty unfulfilled. We have not stolen a single ship, or a pound of powder, or a dollar of coin to sully the sacred tramp with which patriotism pursues robbery and rebellion. All the ills of the South could have been remedied within the Constitution—all their wrongs righted by the victory of future votes. Shall I tell you what Secession means?

It means ambition in the Southern leaders and misapprehension in the Southern people. Its policy is to imperialize slavery, and to degrade and destroy the only free Republic in the world. It is a fog of the brain, and a poison at the heart. Dodging the halter, it walks upon a volcano which may explode if ever a law-loving people are driven to extremes in maintaining its own national life. We have not come here to talk up a man, but keep up a flag; not to vindicate a creed, but nullify a crime; not to seek the falling fruits of patronage, but to save the beautiful and wide-spreading tree upon which all our blessings grow. Party and partyisms are dead; only grim, black powder is alive now. Who talks of Tammany or Mozart Hall? Who haunts the coalhole or the woodpile, when all our soul's fuel is on fire for flag and country?

Did not Washington fight seven years, break ice on the Delaware, break bones and pull triggers on Monmouth field, send ten thousand bleeding feet to where no blood ever comes, and pass from clouds of smoke to archways of flowers—for what? That States should defy their best guardian, which is the nation, insult history, and make Republicanism impossible?

Here in this city of our love and pride, this cradle of the civil life of WASHINGTON, where despotism sheathed its last sword and constitutional liberty swore its first oath; where steam first boiled its way to a throne, and art, and commerce, and finance, and all the social amenities marshalled their forces to the sweet strain of the first Inaugural—here, where government began and capital centres, is the sheet-anchor of American loyalty. Nothing so disappoints secession as the provoking fidelity of New York to the Constitution.

Jeff expected to pay his army in Wall Street, and pick up a secessionist under every lamp-post. Fifty thousand men to-day tread on this fallacy. Gold is healthy, gold is loyal, gold is determined; it flows easy because the war is not to subject or injure any one, but to bring back within the protecting folds of the Constitution an erring and rebellious brother; a brother whom we have trusted and toasted, fought with side by side on the battlefield, voted for at the ballot-box, showered honor after honor upon his recreant head, while that brother was poisoning the milk in his mother's breast and striking a parricidal blow at a paternal Government which has protected and prospered us all as no people were ever so prospered and protected. Heretofore in our differences we have shouldered ballots instead of bayonets. With a quiet bit of paper in our hands we have marched safely through a hundred battles about tariff, bank, anti-liquor, anti-rent, and all those social and political questions about which a free people may amicably differ. If slavery cannot be appeased with the old life of the ballot, depend upon it the bayonet will only pierce new wounds in its history. We have heretofore kept all our lead moulded into type, that peaceably and intellectually we might enter the Southern brain, until passion and precipitation

have forced us to melt down that type into a less friendly visitor.

Kossuth says that bayonets think, and ours have resolved in solemn convention to think deeply, act promptly, and end victoriously.

Do you wonder to-day to see that flag flying over all our reawaked national life, no longer monopolized by mast-head, steeple, or liberty-pole, but streaming forth a camp signal from every private hearthstone, breaking out in love-pimples all down our garments, running like wild vine-flowers over whole acres of compact anxious citizenship? Why has that tender maiden turned her alabaster hands into heroic little flag-staffs, which, with no loss of modesty, unveils to the world her deep love of country? Do you see that infant tottering under rosettes, and swathed in the national emblem by foreboding parents, who would protect its growth with this holy talisman of safety? Do you see, too, those grave old citizens, sharpened by gain-seeking, and sobered with law-expounding, invade their plain exterior peacock hues, which proclaim such tenacity to a flag that has fanned, like an angel's wing, every form of our prosperity and pride?

It seems hard for philosophy to divine how any section of the country, so comprehensively prosperous, could allow a mean jealousy of another portion a little more wealthy and populous to so hurry it on into rebellion, not against us, but a common Government and a common glory, to which both are subject and both should love.

Does not each State belong to all the States, and should not all the States be a help and a guide to each State? Louisiana's sugar drops into Ohio's tea-cup, and should not every palace built on the Fifth Avenue nod its head amicably to whatever cotton receipts its bills? Over-pride of locality has been the scourge of our nationality.

When our thirty-one stars broke on the North Star, did not Texas as well as Pennsylvania light up the bleak arctic sky?

When the old flag first rose over the untouched gold of California, did not Georgia and New York join hands in unveiling the tempting ore?

Virginia has seceded, and carried with it my political fathers, Washington and Jefferson. The State has allowed their tombs to crumble as well as their principles. Out-law their sod! Who will dare to ask me for my passport at the grave of Washington?

SPEECH

AT THE

WAR MEETING IN UNION SQUARE,

JULY 15TH, 1862.



FELLOW-CITIZENS :

IN this hour of alienation, tumult, and disaster, no man, however humble, has a right to sit still when the nation has sprung to its feet, and the Union lies bleeding upon its back.

We have come here in the darkest hour of national existence to declare before the world that the unity and nationality of America shall not be dissolved, either in the swamps of the Chickahominy or the Council Chambers of Paris or London. We are all, under moral martial law, now bound to obey every draft upon the brain, the heart, the purse, and the life, to serve a Government whose authority has dropped upon us with the gentleness of a flower, and yet shielded us with the strength of a giant. We may have our weaknesses, and these weaknesses may serve to point an English sneer, or round a Southern taunt; but they never yet have succeeded in vitiating the grander points of our national character, neither have

they, for one moment, obstructed the beneficent action of our hitherto unassailable institutions.

If secession is right, then all order, all regulated society, is wrong. If secession cannot be put down without war, then war is the highest duty and best business of the American citizen—more profitable than merchandise, more beautiful than poetry, and, for the time being, as sacred as the ministry itself. True, we may fail sometimes; so do all business and sciences until experience teaches them. By degrees we shall learn the art of blood, and mayhap the foe will find the Yankee shop-boy an efficient chronic portable slaughter-house. So far we have fought half tiger and half brother. No half man accomplishes much. We must be all tiger now, that we may be all brothers by and by.

If fevers and blunders have wasted the strength and tampered with the glory of our armies, the beautiful enthusiasm of this day's proceedings illustrates how heartily and abundantly we try to redeem our errors and relieve our heroes. Was it not a sublime spectacle to see the President of the United States pouring the balm of his sympathizing Presidential presence in the serried ranks of the wearied army of the Potomac—ABRAHAM LINCOLN confronting GEO. B. McCLELLAN? The embodied representative of the national authority shaking hands with the genius of American safety—the great rail-splitter reproaching the railers against the noble army and its gifted chieftain.

When ABRAHAM LINCOLN was nominated, I laughed at the convention; when he was elected, I trembled for the country; but since he has been inaugurated, I have learned to love and honor the man who has so faithfully wielded the national resources. When the South struck at the President, they fired at a man in the stocks, cooped up in

judicial decisions, bound down by legislative restrictions, warned away from all philanthropic mischief by the wholesome hostility of an adverse popular vote. They found him in quiet, helpless, party paralysis, and only left him an aroused, wounded, angry national giant, with all the resources of all parties at his command.

The South sneered at our poor, under-fed, over-worked soldiers, who fled from Bull Run; but now the world laughs at a whole community who ran away from a shadow. Our soldiers left a few arms and knapsacks on the field, while they threw away long years of happiness and prosperity. Daily are we taunted with their superiority in arms and birth. They claim Washington, as if their deeds had made him. Out of the 200,000 troops who fought in the War of the Revolution, the South did not furnish 20,000. But for the North, Washington would have gone down to posterity with a halter around his neck. It was Northern hands that moulded his Virginia clay into an immortal statue.

Compared with our solid successes, what have the South achieved in this war? Two or three land checks and one steam fright. The ghost of the *Merrimac* will haunt the nation for centuries. By diverting the base of operations from the James River, it has cost us \$100,000,000. That sum would have built us 300 *Monitors*, which would have blockaded all intervention.

The march of events now means the march of armies. The progress of our institutions depends at last upon the speed of our bullets; when they rain the Union is safe, when they slacken the Union reels. War is a cruel alternative, but not more so than a peace which removes from danger without relieving us of disgrace, disorder, and disintegration. We want not lamentation over this war, but enlistments in the war. Let us shed no tears but

volunteers. We cannot succeed in this gigantic war until all classes are worked up to the thrusting point.

There must be a fighting man from every family and every calling ; a fighting lawyer, a fighting doctor, a fighting priest, ay, and a fighting dandy. Now is the time for white kids to redeem themselves. Now is the time for all that army of fashionable loungers who have been growling all their lives for lack of opportunity. Now is the time for them to rise, strike and be immortal. While the South have sent a thousand men to battle, we have sent a hundred. While they have mounted science to lead on their armies to victory, we have too often skipped experience and thrust politics on horseback to save the country. Twenty-three millions of people are tired of being told that they are outwitted because they are outnumbered. If we fall now we will be the oddest ruin on record. Rome was four hundred years dying of her own corruptions. We, instead of being enervated by luxury or discomfited by invasion, go down with all our strength and all our wealth, and all our wits about us. Destroyed by a remark, our great light blown out by the passionate breath of partisan oratory. I, for one, can never believe in such a death. The ablest sword of the age is hanging by our side. The heaviest purse on the continent is in our pocket ; the noblest cause for which man can draw his brother's blood, calls him to the battle-field, and if we wait patiently and act vigorously the greatest victory of modern times is in our grasp—the victory of the Republic over itself, the victory of democrat virtues over aristocrat vices, the victory of law, order, and Government over disunion, distraction, conflagration and damnation.

SPEECH
ON THE
MILITARY AND FINANCIAL POLICY OF THE
NATIONAL GOVERNMENT
IN THE
LEGISLATURE AT ALBANY,
JANUARY 23D, 1862.

MR. SPEAKER:

I ought, perhaps, sir, to apologize to the House for inflicting upon it, last week, a resolution which might seem inconsistent with the gravity and wisdom of this body. I should not, sir, have noticed the gentleman's resolution had it not represented the spirit of a class of croakers whose feverish officiousness has accomplished much mischief in the past and may attempt much more in the future. Towards the gentleman from New York I entertain, sir, a due regard. His position and worth entitle him to that regard. But, sir, my risibilities were too vigorously invoked to restrain me from demonstrating the absurdity of his resolution by identifying him personally with its execution. I came to Albany, sir, in a civil capacity. Hoping to do my part in legislating for the best interests of the city and State of New York, I brought with me only a few plain clothes, without cocked hat or regimentals. Croswell's Manuel and not Hardee's Tactics

was my guide. But, sir, that gentleman's resolution, urging an aggressive movement by our army, supposes a thorough knowledge on our part of the propriety and possibility of such an advance, the preparations, capacity and completeness of all the elements composing that vast array of armed destructiveness. Certainly it implies, too, that all this formidable force is quiet only because we are silent; that it is waiting for our resolution to give itself resolution to advance. Sir, it resolves this body into a generalissimo of the army of the Republic—it constitutes the Legislature of the State the commander-in-chief of the national crisis—it substitutes popular impatience for the cautious combinations of scientific strategy. In theory it deposes the President—deposes the Secretary of War—deposes the military plan of the campaign—deposes the common sense of the country, which is patiently awaiting the hour when the soldier's drill shall save the nation's life. George Washington, sir, was seven years emancipating a less extensive country, and with not half the foes to contend against. It took the combined forces of France and England three times the period our army has been encamped upon the Potomac to breach successfully a single fortress by the Black Sea. The Richmond *Examiner*, I think, gives us the best practical solution of Gen. McClellan's inactivity. That partial journal declares that these Northern mudsills and cowardly assassins are by science and drill becoming rapidly transformed into veteran troops. What, sir, would be the momentous consequences of a move of that immense host if it should be defeated. Sir, the beautiful dream of our unity would be forever broken—the glorious volume of Constitutional history ignominiously closed; Europe clamorous for Southern recognition; England imperative; France jubilant; the South a nation and we a by-word, laughed at by our own

children and lorded over by all more fortunate contemporary powers. The Congress of the United States is sitting within sound of the drum-beat of the American army and with its General in conference. Yet that Congress has not suggested an advance. The smoke of its thousand camp-fires intercepts the prospect of the White House, and yet its inmate urges no forward movement. The resources of the country have been taxed to their utmost capacity in maintaining the gigantic struggle, yet the people are quiet. Though the banker has been attacked oftener than the traitor—though the sword has as yet only entered our financial sides and richly has gushed forth the golden blood—though it has neither reached the traitor's heart nor shivered the traitor's cause, yet capital is silent, because it knows how silently the forces for its redemption are accumulating—how calmly and completely leader and follower are learning their leaden lesson, so that victory may follow victory as regiment succeeds regiment steadily and brilliantly to the final consummation.

I thought, sir, the "On to Richmond" cry was dead. I thought it was choked in the death-rattle of its own victims. I thought it died with the shrieks of the dying at Manassas. Who shall bring back its dead? Who shall live down its shame—the pride it wounded, the nations it shocked, the enemies it made, the money it lost? Every home in America rocked under it. It sped the ball that shattered the heart of Cameron—it forged the iron that shackled the limbs of the noble Corcoran. Thousands of Northern heroes were hurried by it down to Southern dungeons, welcoming famine, fevers, suffocation and despair, rather than walk forth in God's sunshine under the sacrilegious shelter of a Southern oath.

Sir, I thought the "On to Richmond" cry was dead—dead!—buried under the tramp of six hundred thousand

drilling, loyal troops. I thought it was dead, sir, until I saw it rise from the resurrection table of the 9th District. I hope, sir, that I appreciate that gentleman's patriotic anxiety for his country's success. I know how hard it is in these hard times to keep our national sympathies from overflowing the limits of State duties. Our bodies are in Albany, but our hearts are at Washington with a suffering, bleeding, but I hope not a sinking country. For God's sake let us be anxious, but not officious. We cannot save the nation by losing our patience or forgetting our duties. The civil relations of the Constitution suppose it the right and interest of the States to contribute advice as well as money in great national exigencies. Mutual co-operation and confidence, engendering mutual dependence and sympathy, tend to strengthen the bands that bind the State to the nation; but the genius of war when in action looks not for statesmanship to aim its iron blow.

Its authority is exclusive and peremptory because its knowledge is peculiar, and the danger it is to master sudden, fearful, and relentless. Confronting no civil argument, it can profit by no civil experience. If European rulers quell revolt more decisively, they are also less innocent of the causes which provoke popular commotion. We may have committed errors in attempting to suppress this rebellion, but have we not most righteously succeeded in destroying all arguments for its existence. When the history of this huge crime is written, the historian will find but one fault with the United States Government; it was too angelic for the fiendish deviltry of the hour. There was one white head lately in the White House, who might have planned our deliverance. One trembling hand now withering in village obscurity which might have shut off this flow of fraternal blood from the Ohio to the Gulf.

Stopped it with his pen before he wrote the Lecompton Message, stopped it with his sword had he dropped it in time upon the defenceless fortifications. Shall you and I throw a napkin over the dead body of that man's reputation? And, sir, has it come to this? In the 19th century, in the country of Washington, in the age of universal suffrage, with all the elements of knowledge, with all the implements for its wide-spread diffusion, with a home to love, a church to warn and a ballot to protect us, the pride and progress of America has dropped into a cartridge-box. A voting and debating people have been obliged to place an eleven-inch columbiad in the chair to decide their differences?

That animal appeal to which barbarians resort in the beginning, our enlightened humanity has been compelled to undertake at last. The brain of the nation has fled to its muscle for protection. Heaven seems to have decreed that our greatest blessings should be born of slaughter and contention—that the noblest aims which sanctify life should demand the greatest sacrifice of life. No great organic political principle, since the overthrow of the Philistines, has ever been settled without blood—the blood of the foreign foe in achieving the national independence; the blood of the domestic traitor in repressing sectional ambition, and assuring the unity and concentration of national authority. Hence the alacrity with which good men rush to righteous conflict. Hence the enthusiasm with which we have shivered the Peace Party, and carefully packed away its broken crockery in Forts Warren and Lafayette. I yield to no man in sympathy for this war. Over my Democracy waves no white feather. There is nothing so poisonous as peace when a nation is going to pieces. There is nothing so healthy as blood when healthy things are to be bled for. There is no visito_r

so welcome as the crimson liquid whose vital flow shall stop the heart-beat of a nation's wrongs.

On that dark and dreadful current, dethroned and disbanded States must float back into the safe anchorage of American unity. Until this comes talk of peace!

You might as well arm a regiment with rosebuds to storm a battery, as attempt to drop peace into the rifled muzzle of this iron controversy. Like the conjurer who, by the firing of his gun, revealed in all its beauty the diamond ring which had been crushed before our eyes, so shall the firing of the national musketry restore the crumbling jewels of our nationality in all its priceless worth and purity. While we feel all this, hope all this, and will aid all this, with our sympathies and resources, is it not wise in us to leave to the chosen national leaders the wielding of the national difficulties? The local interests of the State are important enough to engross all our official time and energies. The recommendations of the Governor's Message alone would conscientiously occupy all the hundred days. There are the harbor defences to be completed. Henceforth advancing America marches armor-clad to her destiny. The gentle robe in which she has confidingly enclosed her strength is too fragile and perilous a garment to guard her life from the tragic possibilities of universal selfishness.

Unsuspectingly we have left unlocked our garden gates. Meaning no harm, we have believed in none. Invoking the love of all men, we have invited all to enter and partake of the rich fruits of this Western Paradise.

Hereafter we confide less, and arm more. Southern treason has torn down the smile-embroidered curtain which concealed the gigantic proportions of European malignity.

Yankee republicanism is a dangerous success. Yankee trade and Yankee ingenuity impertinent competition. No

state paper can argue down their criminality, unless Parrot, Minnie and Dalghren, obtrude their gaping mouths into the discussion. Strew these vigorous debaters, in prodigal profusion, along every shore, inlet, promontory, headland, or highway that faces the approach of the storm; and then a child may sit in the State Department and direct our foreign policy, with a scratch of its pen. A defenceless coast is a defenceless and paralyzing point in the wisest diplomacy. How morosely European statesmanship contemplates us because we will not announce our national death; because we will not place our finger upon our pulse and say it has stopped; because we will not permit transatlantic cupidity to measure our corpse and divide our assets. Did not a leading British Minister startle the world when he so intelligently instructed it, by declaring that we are fighting to gratify a lust for empire? Had this "Star of Empire" consented to have crumbled into submissive asteroids, how the virtuous statesman would have recoiled in horror at these dollar-drowned, gain-loving, self-abased cravens. If the old Napoleon's flotilla at Boulogne had landed the Grand Army on Portsmouth beach would the lust of empire have marched the Coldstream guards in double quick from London? Are St. James's or Hyde Park any more England's household possessions than are Florida and Louisiana ours by right of material purchase, by intention of one theoretical and constitutional interlacing of all interests, rights and territories, into that grand indivisible assimilation which we feel and know to be the great indestructible National American Unity? Florida with all her swamps and alligators cannot break this charmed circle of States without detracting so much from my wealth and my power as the citizen of a guaranteed and unbroken national possession.

New York with all her elements of empire has no option that releases her from the irrevocable contributions of her varied power to the common Union. Never can we stand as an equal before all nations unless we firmly insist upon the full proportions to which our nation's manhood has expanded. No government in the world is more interested in maintaining the ascendancy of compact national authority over aspiring local dependencies than that of the British Empire. Unity is the source of all its political supremacy. Unloose these bonds and the charm of its invincibility vanishes. If former English statesmen could spend \$1,500,000,000 to deter the theory of the French Revolution from reacting on the stability of the English throne, surely our position should invoke the sympathy of all who are not merely interested in thrones, but what is far more important, the preservation of national life everywhere. When the dissolution of the Irish Union was discussed in the House of Commons, George Canning startled the whole British people with what was then thought to be the strongest historical argument that could be opposed to it, when he said, "What! dissolve the Union? Restore the Heptarchy!" The ghosts of seven weakened and helpless kingdoms were artfully stalked in upon the debate to frighten down the logic of the opposition.

I am not one of these who predict or prefer England's downfall. If there must be among nations, as there often is among families or sects, one master power of the world, England's supremacy is least detrimental to civilization. Her selfishness is grasping but her intelligence is reformatory. She educated us to obey and then defy her. There is more merit in confusing her strength than lording over her decline. England knows that the loss of our unity is the only safeguard for the perpetuation of her supremacy. By degrees we are underselling her in all the markets of

the world. Soon we shall be the exclusive manufacturers for this continent. As long as slavery was a part of our united strength nothing could be so loathsome to British morality. But when the subjection of an inferior race became the means of destroying the rivalry of a kindred people, no fabled fairy every sprung suddenly upon a desolate moor so entrancing to the British gaze as the once deformed and degraded features of American Slavery rises out of the dreary contest. Thus we find England coaling disunion at her islands and shaking hands with it in her palaces. Yet at last we shall explode the diseased sophistry of Southern State Rights with one hand, while we brush with the other from the white foam of the Atlantic the dark monopoly of her imperious flag. Twenty-three millions of free compact invincible people have decreed it, and God Almighty will ratify it. Denuded of this morbid yearning for universal possession, Britannia's destiny is still a noble one. Let her civilize India, emancipate Ireland, and respect America.

In connection with the great calamity of the hour, we are to consider the serious question of increased taxation. How to pay the expenses of national salvation. How to give up our money, in order to keep up our Government. Freedom from heavy taxation has been a crowning exultation of American institutions. No nation ever embraced so many facilities for acquiring wealth, with so little cost for its protection. It is no wonder that we have clutched iron blunderingly, when we have been so gorged with gold.

If the war continues until July 1863, our debt will be \$1,200,000,000. This includes all accrued, audited, or outstanding liabilities of every character. Now it is assumed that the property of the nation is worth \$16,000,000,000, and that we have in our immediate possession \$10,500,000,000. So we part with less than one-tenth of

what we possess and a little more than one-sixteenth of what we own to secure all that remains. Cannot this thrifty sum ensure the continuance of national existence? Why, sir, Lord Macaulay tells us that the Caliph Omar conquered all Asia on barley water—showered the wealth of twenty kingdoms among the crown jewels of the descendants of the Prophet. Allowing the greater expense in the outlay for implements of modern warfare, and the habit of extracting from our barley something stronger than water, shall we not bring under the plain bunting of the Union a more magnificent empire than ever bent to the red turban of the Infidel? Most of our debt abides with us, and is never really subtracted from the sum total of our possessions. Seven per cent. interest upon the whole debt in '63 will be less than one per cent. upon all our available means now. Without allowing for the natural though of course diminished increase in the country's resources then, if unforeseen difficulties should run up our total indebtedness to \$2,000,000,000, the successful achievement of all we have warred for and been taxed for would impart a prestige and inspiration to our position, the impetus of which would largely increase the facilities for liquidation. Now we are to raise by tax \$150,000,000 for the ensuing year, to pay interest and civil and war expenses then we could certainly raise \$200,000,000, paying the interest on the whole debt, the current expenses of the Government and giving us some \$30,000,000 or \$40,000,000 annually to the sinking fund for the gradual extinction of both principal and interest. Since the beginning of the war we have saved \$100,000,000 in imports and gained \$30,000,000 on exports. This \$100,000,000 of imports, employing so many seamen and so much tonnage to freight them, are all diverted, more or less, into the expense and material of the war. It is fair to presume that 20,000,000

of Northern people can wean five dollars a head on an average from their usual expenses to the service of the Government annually. The amount saved through economy and timidity, when brought out by tax laws, will almost pay the whole interest on the accumulatory debt. We buy one pair less of patent-leather boots, the difference loads and fires a 64-pounder. The waste of war after all is not much greater than the extravagance of a prosperous peace. I doubt if there is much difference between the loss of money for balls which do not hit the enemy and the waste of purchased articles which do not benefit the individual. Almost all luxuries enervate, and destroy life. One 32-pounder costs \$9 to fire it, this is not a greater total loss than 6 bottles of champagne uselessly rioted over. The saving from toys, confectionery, bouquets, extravagant silks and laces, is simply a diversion of investment to more iron, wood, coal and powder. A greater variety of investments, of course, diffuse more wealth—but there is not in this case so vast a disparity that we cannot tolerate it for a long time, contemplating the blessings at issue. The outlay for bread, clothing, and healthful luxuries and pleasures, in moderation, do not more benefit peaceful citizenship than the sacred expenditure of powder and shot to blow out of existence the disturbers of a beneficent government, benefit society everywhere. All discussion on this momentous question of revenue resolves itself into the form, and not the fact of acquiring it. Un-expired whiggery revels in the memory of the old inflation, and is delighted that the pressing necessities of the government rush to the legal tender of an unsupported treasury note issue.

The old deposit-moving Andrew Jackson Democracy were alarmed to see the ancient cautious, pay-as-you-go policy, that so long ruled the country, now obliged to be

swept away by the awful tempest that prostrates all peace-framed precedents. Necessity puts finance as well as men under martial law. If money must be had, the issue must come first, and taxation come afterwards.

As blood is the essential element of all animal life, so is taxation the golden life-stream that supplies the veins and arteries of all healthy governmental action. But supply from taxation is slow, and exhaustion from war constant. The gap between them then must be bridged with paper. In time of trouble gold, though hard and enduring, is the first to fly from danger, and rush timidly behind bars and bolts, down into old stockings, and up into sly chimney corners, leaving poor weak paper to equip armies, fight battles, and save nations. Yet with a willing and able nation, there is no excuse for a single dollar of paper not being followed up by a corresponding tax to meet it. I believe that the pressure of a healthy public sentiment will be too great for our federal rulers to hazard their good fame, by neglecting to throw immediate and substantial safeguards around an emergency that is so deeply to affect the interests of ourselves and our posterity. Tax now, and the debt of our children will not be wantonly increased by the necessity of paying interest on the principal borrowed to pay interest on the original principal. Tax now, and you check the temptation inherent in all public life and human nature to squander freely what is to be paid back indefinitely and to be watched indifferently. Come on then, O tax..

The journey of an Alpine traveller, though often obstructed by the grand and dangerous chasms, is less fearful than the awful void of an empty treasury yawning before a nation marching to its own deliverance.

When bankruptcy takes the field, famine drops the sword and valor yields the conflict. That pale hand

stretched forth from the ghastly ranks, tells us the soldier is there to strike, to bleed and die, but not to starve.

Taxation is the Nation's consent, spoken in gold. Let it flow freely from the long accumulations of plethoric peace. Leave nothing untaxed, that would boast its purchased share in the victory it shall secure.

Tax the boots upon our feet, that we may walk forth more freely in this free land. Tax the handkerchief in our pocket, that it may help buy off as well as wipe off the tears that gush from our national troubles. Tax the lover's love letter, for no snowy bosom will he embrace more soft and nourishing than the gentle government that enfolds him. Tax the cradle of the sleeping infant, that the mother's foot may rock more safely the generation which is to be blessed by its fruits. Tax the communion-cup, for next to religion there is nothing so sacred to the heart of humanity as the Republicanism we would snatch from desolation.

Perhaps there is no levy we will be called upon to pay more interesting in its outlay than those ordinances of the New York Common Council appropriating the first million at the commencement of the war. That money paid for the first drum-beat that called the loyal North to arms. It brought out the jaunty 7th and the sterling 71st and the heroic 69th and other armed heroes equally ready and devoted.

We all remember the anxiety of friends for their safety—while they were ensuring the safety of the national Capitol. A part of this money had been expended for the support of the families of those volunteers. The Comptroller will soon stop payment for want of authority from this Legislature. Many of these poor families have incurred debt for necessary expenses, on the faith of these ordinances. Some are shivering without fuel, and some

are starving for want of bread, while their husbands and brothers are marching on every battle-field, from Ship Island to Harper's Ferry, protecting the nation's coal and bread wherever it can be found. From the smoke of those battle-fields, through the dense forest of these gleaming bayonets, they are looking into this Chamber to cheer their dark and bloody way, by invoking our aid to help their helpless friends.

The Committee to whom was referred these ordinances will report upon them unanimously recommendatory, as soon as the authorized parties shall lay the proper vouchers and certificates before them. Besides all these pressing duties, we have banking interests to regulate, sanitary systems to organize, city charters to create and amend, and a thousand objects of legislation to accomplish, with only a few days to effect it, and we swim off into that vast sea of national politics, where looms a President, Cabinet and Congress to attend to these sworn duties.

Look at the lobby that we have to watch—the bribery and corruption to punish and prevent. Sadly and surely it is becoming a disheartening question with high-toned citizenship whether, after all, it is worth pouring forth these thousands of millions, only to pass from heavy-armed treason to stealthy-stepping robbery. Everywhere the cry is, and the conviction is, that the virtue of the country is receding from politics. Little good men are turning their backs on the ballot-box, and great good men are turning their backs on the State House, and with their sense of duty and their hopes of humanity, retreating into less corrupting forms of usefulness. They are falling back on those inner intrenchments of liberty, the school, the church, the periodical press, the chair of learning, the farm and the home where politics come not, save to relent or expire, and where, higher than station, stronger than

patronage, broods the calm, conservative spirit of moral power, which although it shuns official power, and warns official power, shall yet save both State and office from threatened absorption by sophist, knave or demagogue. Should not such reflections invoke a sterner sense of moral and legislative obligation, and admonish us that our best military manœuvre is to fall back from Washington and McClellan on New York and the Knights of the Shoddy and the Lobby. Let us leave the question of the poor war prisoners in the righteous hands of President Lincoln, while we attend to the prisoners that are to be taken at home.

Our mission is to strike down Northern rogues, while others are preparing to charge Southern traitors: when both are extinguished, let us disappoint croaking Europe by beginning anew the beautiful effort of a purer, wiser and more harmonious self-government.



SPEECH

ON THE

CELEBRATION OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE GREAT UPRISING IN APRIL, 1861,

DELIVERED AT MADISON SQUARE,

APRIL 20TH, 1863.



FELLOW CITIZENS :

WOULD to God I could call you all fellow-soldiers ! Would that my oratory was bright enough to braid every plain coat here into the livery of the national army. Would that the breath expended on so many speeches could waft all these mass meetings into mass regiments for the field, where duty and safety demand them.

There is no star that shoots in beauty along the midnight sky, so reverently gazed upon as the passing soldier, who flits through the darkness of his country's fortunes to the scene of her glory and her salvation. Is that soldier rude and illiterate ? the wisdom of Hamilton and Jefferson is crying to him for help. Is he poor and unfortunate ? the fortunes of this great Republic have been swept into his camp for safety.

Will sneers and copperhead badges redeem us ? If this war is wrong, where will you search creation for a

righteous conflict? Because dainty editors dislike or distrust some who participate in these "Loyal Leagues," shall we be dumb before the thousands who come here with beating hearts to cheer and strengthen their love of country? I do not say that this meeting will capture Richmond or sink the Alabama, but surely the enthusiasm evinced on the resolutions announced, and the strong names associated with so much persistent determination, must have its weight on those who are looking for divisions here, as the last hope of a fading heresy whose props are Northern blunders and Southern shinplasters. Do we not almost hear our enemies exclaim, Ah, those Yankees! their gold is at 150 in the war, but their pulse is at 200 for the war.

The balls hurled at Fort Sumter two years ago, did they shiver a principle or only a parapet?

The first trigger pulled on this nation asked America this iron question, "Will ye go forward with Lincoln, or backward with Beauregard? Will ye cling to the unity and safety of an invincible empire, or will ye accept the poisonous sophistry of a Southern construction of constitutional duty, and dwindle away into the frivolous fragments of a helpless, diluted, and indefinitely dissolving destiny?"

Is self-destruction so obviously a national duty, that England frets and Richmond foams because we will not embrace it, because with a scratch of the pen, we will not proclaim that the pen itself has failed in Government?

This right of suffrage, so grand, so safe, so simple, so soothing to American pride, so helpful to American interests, was it not our boast, that it provided a remedy for all our troubles; that it gave thought the victory over arms for evermore?

What right, then, had the sixth of November to strike the fourth of March until it reeled, and the Inaugural almost became the Requiem of the Republic?

Two years ago you answered these questions with armies as well as arguments. Then capital sprang to its feet and cried, Here is my gold, take it, and restore the golden circle of the States. Then patriotism sprang to its arms, exclaiming, Here is my life, take that, too, only preserve the principle which gives to all our lives increased dignity and happiness.

So far your resolve was a hope, now it is an experience—the experience of development as well as of disappointment; the experience of errors often reformed, and as often repeated; the experience of a Government fighting for liberty, and yet not always careful of liberty; the experience of some triumph, some defeats, and many tears. We have lost friends, lost treasure, lost battles; but when the smoke of the contest cleared away, the world looked in vain to find our courage and our perseverance lying among the killed and wounded. No raid, however clever, has been able to cut us off from those supplies. No capture so extensive as to parole our determination to succeed.

Are we fighting merely to recover so much population, jurisdiction and territory? Is the community we would reclaim so very amiable as to justify this awful outlay? Has not the sugar-cane we would lose, soured more than it has sweetened our tempers? Does not the cotton that seceded inflame our politics quite as much as it warms our backs?

We insist upon the old Union simply because the principle upon which the South destroys it, makes any other union impossible. In the progress of the war we are apt to forget the purposes of the war. We go before

the world upon the issue that as we came together by convention, we can only part by convention; that as it required more than a minority to make the compact, it takes more than a minority to break the compact.

The South may wrest from us ten thousand leagues of territory, capture \$1,000,000,000 worth of property, and destroy a million of men, and it would be nothing to plundering us of the principle, that the majority must rule. It is the only prop and hope of free government anywhere. This is the great crime of the crash.

If I was a Democrat before the war, trying to prevent the war, how should I insult that Democracy now by embarrassing a contest upon which depends the preservation of democratic institutions—where our success is all that can save us from a blotted name, a broken country, and a threatening neighbor. Who says that the real Democratic party are opposed to this war? Has it not taken the lead in all our wars—the war of 1812, and the Mexican war? Was it not foremost to defend the position that almost led to war on the Maine boundary, the Oregon territory and French indemnity question? Has it not won half its popularity by its bold attitude in our foreign relations? and will it play into foreign hands now? will it be found raffling for a goose in the coal-hole while the house is falling over its head? Let not the hatred of Republicans embarrass the safety of the Republic, or the loss of power cause us to jeopardise the very existence of power.

If it be true, as is alleged, that the Republicans blundered in bringing on the war, and blundered in carrying on the war, shall the Democrats blunder in opposing a war that, in spite of all Abolitionism, is to restore the constitution and the Government I know they reverence? Their best blood is in the army, and their best brain is on the

stump for the war. Where the king is, there is the court. And where the best Democrats are, there is the Democratic party. With all its faults, that party has been the glory of the past; with all its responsibilities, it will not be the shame of the future.

Where does the peace Democrat see the least prospect of an honorable peace without successful war?

Does he see it in the hopeless unanimity of Southern misapprehensions and malignity? Does he see it by the light of the burning merchantman on the lonely ocean? Does he see it in the sneers of the Southern leaders at the efforts of the Northern peace party?

If they want peace, let them drop their arms and melt back their angry cannon into church bells, to ring them again to the holy worship of the Union.

If the South have any grievances against the Federal Government, they will find at last, after all their prowess and victories, that the civil was more effectual than the military remedy.

If after the war the people choose to call a convention, and in that convention decide, and the people constitutionally ratify that decision, that certain States may secede, then we would say, Go willingly, because you go legally. But if the convention and the people decide that they shall not go, then not all their forces, aided by the ships of England and the armies of Napoleon, with the ghost of his uncle at the head of them, shall wrest one State or one foot of earth from the Union of our fathers. Let Earl Russell and the gracious lords of neutrality remember that this vast war and all its immense implements of destruction—in spite of all blockades, all Emancipation, Confiscation and Conscription Acts—in spite of cavalry and infantry, of Monitors and fifteen-inch guns—all are simply to give a harmless piece of paper a chance

to perform its usual election office of eighty years' standing, from the lakes to the gulf. Notwithstanding all the English sneers about the lust for empire, and the despotism of Fort Lafayette and suspended *habeas corpus*—in spite of the disease of camps and marches, the vast stretch of army movements, the slaughter at Corinth and Fredericksburg—all are only ghastly highways to the filling of a few empty chairs in the National Capitol with plain citizens, and to entrust them with the rights and privileges of sovereign power.

This whole war is simply the paying of two thousand millions for Southern mileage to the capital. I admit it is a high rate of passage-money, but we intend to pay it, and to insist upon their presence. Are we not execrable Unionists, oh! plunderers of Ireland! oh! torturers of India?

We have come here to strengthen ourselves at the fountain of our first determination. The conflict we resolved on two years ago with such thoughtless enthusiasm must now be carried on in the calm of thoughtful, inflexible perseverance.

At first the war was a holiday sensation—novel, bloodless and exhilarating, with no defeats, no tears, and few taxes to disenchant us. Now this anniversary of the great uprising is shining on our bloody hands, our weeping homes, our wrangling words, our growing debts, our blundering deeds—shining down into the dark bosoms of a patient, suffering and bewildered people, and touching us all with a deeper conviction of how much we have gained in possessing Washington, how much we have lost in forgetting him! The spell of empire broken, the sense of safety shaken, the pride of power wounded, the hopes of progress checked, the desolation of America the only birthday gift to the savior of America on the anniversary

of his coming! It is well that the spirit of such a memory should waylay our descending fortunes, and lift us, if but for a moment, above the snappish policies, the wild philanthropy, the tempting contracts and the sinking character of our country, into kindred elevation and instructive communion with him who loved all sections, saved all sections, and warned all sections, how much we must do and undo, how much we must bear and forbear, if we would remain a peaceful, helpful, united commonwealth. A business people have been nearly destroyed by not minding their own business; a practical people almost engulfed in a theory—the theory at the North that it was necessary to make laws in order to keep slavery out of the Territories—the theory of the South that it was necessary to break laws in order to carry slavery into the Territories. From the heights of our own united follies these dark blunders are now shelling each other.

Yet with all our faults of peace in the past, and all our faults of war in the present, war is the great virtue of the hour—the costly, ghastly, battle-stained business of American duty, from whose ferocious investment in bones and powder shall come forth the return profits of State fidelity, national security and general prosperity.

A people who have stretched over a vast continent, and settled the borders of two oceans, are not to be stopped by a wooden stake in Charleston channel. If nine Monitors are insufficient to reduce that stronghold, nine hundred Monitors must. If we cannot blow them out, smoke them out, nor starve them out, we must wear them out by the prompt and ceaseless pressure of the national retribution. Washington was seven years founding a nation, and can we expect Abraham Lincoln to save it in less than half that time? The British people bore the blood and taxes of twenty years of war to assert the

right to meddle with their neighbors on the continent, and shall we be disheartened by a two years' conflict to maintain our own existence? We are not fighting the distant Englishman, nor the degenerated Mexican, nor the poor, fading Indian, but a daring, dreadful and defiant Anglo-Saxon equal, with our knowledge in his head, our blood in his veins, our glory in his history, our God receiving his oath, and our West Point pointing his gun.

This is a war of resources more than of genius—of so much material hurled against so much other material; and he who hurls most will live longest.

The great truth that underlies the contest must be some compensation for the lack of great victories and great commanders. As all of us helped to build up the Republic, so is it to be saved by the strong arm, long purse, and clear heads of the united masses. Thus far our greatest general has been our general greatness. If pride is the most sensitive of human passions, the wise man's pride of institutions, and the strong man's pride of muscle, are deeply involved in this contest. Will the northern youth, who glories in his manly strength and pluck, let history record that he was overcome by foemen not half so numerous? Will the student, or the statesman, whose study of other nations only makes them turn more fondly to their own self-adjusting system—will they see their beautiful ideal dissolve like a dream, and not stretch forth a hand to save it? Will the merchant, who has kept his faith in the great contract, consent to lose his share in a bargain that acknowledges him joint owner of a thousand leagues of territory? Will the northern laborer, whose toil and sweat are at this moment paying for the purchase of Louisiana, Texas, and Florida, cry out for a peace that robs him both of his money and his country? Eight inches of every foot of land in those States were paid for

by a Yankee invasion of brains and dollars. And when we march to the protection of our own possessions, and to enforce obedience to our own existing laws in our own country, and to the fulfillment of our own oath and lifelong habit of jurisdiction and authority, that is the coming of the invader. And for what purpose do we march? To subjugate. Subjugate who and what? Subjugate our southern brethren to be our equals in everything. Subjugate the meanest of their people, by recognizing his right to the chance of being our President and ruling over us, our General and commanding us, our Judge and condemning us, our legislator, and help shape our vast interests and resources. This is the yoke the South are said to be living on half rations to avoid. This is the subjugation the masses of Europe would wade through seas of blood to enjoy.

Flora McFlimsey with a house full of clothes had "nothing to wear." And the spoiled South, with all the richest privileges of the Constitution strewn in profusion around her, drops in scorn the starry mantle of her freedom and her glory, and waits with haughty impatience for Paris and London to wrap around her the later and flimsier robes of intervention.

That millenium of southern hopes has its realizations as often adjourned as the Millerites' predictions of the destruction of the earth. When such a day of peril comes, it will be but a new form of American investment, in conflict, suffering, and final success. If England will only wait till we complete the implements for her reception, then Seward and Palmerston may roll up their polished platitudes, and Ericsson, Dahlgren, and Armstrong unlimber the crashing diplomacy that is to fight out the great question of who shall be the master nation.

In yonder window sits the spirit of our past victories.

His form is crumbling, his sun is setting, his light will lead our armies to no more triumphs. As he gave his youth to England's punishment, and cradled his renown on England's discomfiture, it may be that his last days shall yet behold the grasping selfishness of this twice-chastised power again humbled before a reconciled, indignant, and irresistible America.

ADDRESS

ON THE

PRESIDENTIAL CRISIS,

DELIVERED AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE BEFORE THE WAR DEMOCRACY,

NOVEMBER 1ST, 1864.



[MAJ.-GENERAL SICKLES having concluded his speech, after waiting for the subsidence of the tumultuous enthusiasm with which the patriotic and eloquent victim of the war was greeted,]

Mr. CODDINGTON rose and addressed the assembly.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

I FEEL the disadvantage of succeeding a hero. I bring with me no deeds and no wounds to sanctify these verbal contributions to the exigency. We lose our hearts with those who lose their limbs for a cause that cannot be lost!

In this ghastly crisis of our broken and bereaved America, a patient, suffering, and bewildered people are anxiously asking each other, in whose ballot is wrapped the honor and safety of the nation, which ticket will admit us to the theatre of a restored and renovated commonwealth? Does the angel of redemption beckon to us from the platform at Chicago or Baltimore? almost the exact distance between self-destruction and self-government.

While the tempest is sweeping away old party obligations and raining down upon us new duties, shall we, as Democrats, drop helplessly into the flood, tied to the dead body* of an organization whose anti-democratic conduct and anti-American spirit, would only entail upon us ridicule, degradation; and suicide? Had the Democratic Party braced themselves up to the heroic height of the difficulty; had they grafted the pluck of the ballot on the bravery of the bayonet, by insisting, without an "if" or a "but," upon the inviolability of the national unity; had they joined issue with the administration upon mere questions of administration, going before the country with different candidates, to vindicate the same national principles, asking a verdict of the people upon the propriety or impropriety of test oaths, upon the question of a sounder financial policy for the war, upon a more careful suspension of the habeas corpus, upon the best mode of reconstructing States and ameliorating acts of confiscation, so that the South might not pass from a slaughter-house to an alms-house, so that we might bind up the broken links of our common brotherhood with discrimination as well as determination; had they planted one foot on the crimes of the South and the other upon the faults of the administration, and said: "Here we stand, this is our platform, we will punish the one and avoid the other;" such an opposition would have been seasonable, healthful, and perhaps successful. Party men and no party men, discontented Republicans and contented Democrats, all could have joined heartily, because safely, in so legitimate an antagonism. Do not the virtues of the war and the vicissitudes of the war admonish us to remember that while both parties are falling and dying upon the same bloody field, struck down by the same dark hand, for the same bright cause, both parties should adjourn their less urgent differ-

ences and unite upon the one fearful overshadowing necessity, so that citizen and soldier, partisan and patriot, Republican and Democrat, hand in hand, thoughtfully as well as pugnaciously, we may snatch from this gory hurricane of righteous conflict the sweet sugar-cane of perpetual peace?

We sympathize, naturally, with Abraham Lincoln. We appreciate the awful magnitude of his trials and temptations, his danger and his duties. We thank God that a Scotch cap saved the American Cap of Liberty from sudden and sacrilegious spoliation. We know how eagerly a jealous opposition have been watching him to make capital out of the blunders and losses of this war, in order to obtain that power which their own blunders lost. An executive without experience, without the larger range of statesmanship to grasp so comprehensive a calamity, is suddenly called upon to thrust out his village hands to catch a falling empire.

I defy any man, even Napoleon himself, to pass instantaneously from an Illinois lawyer to a Washington Commander-in-Chief without committing grave errors. Has his policy prolonged the war? Which prolongs war most, the McClellan theory that returns to the enemy the live ammunition of a working negro, or the Lincoln programme that keeps the African and hurls back only the avenging sweep of musket and mortar? Did he lay his hand on the military elements? Just in time for Presidential common sense to save Chickahominy strategy from losing Washington. Who doubts now if McDowell had reported for duty on the Peninsula, Stonewall Jackson would not have thought it his duty to file up Pennsylvania avenue? Has the President sanctioned arbitrary arrests? So did Washington and Jackson; so must all rulers who would save a State in danger. Where one innocent person

has suffered, a hundred guilty ones have escaped. Does he favor acts of confiscation? The South have confiscated every Northern thing, from a pin to a principle. Has he uttered the fearful word "Emancipation?" It was a trumpet in the storm calling all hands on deck to save the ship. When the storm subsides the pen will shape into consistent proportions the security and humanity of the republic. There must always be a despotism in the Constitution to meet the dangers of the Constitution. If the beautiful charter cannot defend itself, it is merely a passing remark, instead of a reliable instrument. Accustomed only to the practice of its peaceful provisions, we forget that it is not merely a temple in which to worship and administer, but an arsenal to load and fire. The war power of the Constitution—the right to suspend habeas corpus, to raise and support armies—is an awful recognition of the necessity for despotism in danger; not a wanton and reckless employment of force, but an effective and peremptory use of power to meet sudden and perilous emergencies. I do not say that Mr. Lincoln has always wielded this power judiciously. Yet, if there is but one person in the crowd who will save my life from an assassin, I will not stay his arm to criticise his character. If we cannot endorse his errors we may at least adjourn their accountability. We looked around in vain at this election for any one else to strike such blows for the Union as Abraham Lincoln. The extremest war feeling is in power at the South, and the extremest war feeling must be in power at the North, or there is no equality in the energy that wields our respective resources. Moderation and compromise are strength in peace; they are weakness in war. The South mean every means of destruction; and if we mean less we will gain less than we are fighting for. Mr. Lincoln is a long man, but he is the shortest cut to

the enemy. If we mean war we must vote for him. We opposed Abraham Lincoln in 1860, because he was only the available candidate of what seemed then a still more unavailable party; but the flood of insurrection in 1864 has swept him upon the Ararat of the argument, and the Chicago party have made his election the only test of true citizenship. You cannot inflict upon the Southern crime so severe a Presidential punishment as the re-election of Abraham Lincoln. Whatever that guilty community have suffered, of desolation or slaughter, of weeping homes or broken hearts, have fallen upon them in streams of national retribution, poured from the chartered hand of Abraham Lincoln. When you re-elect him you re-elect a restless chastening rod—you re-elect the unbroken and uncompromising march of the sovereign supremacy.

Few men could have carried this Government through such a conjuncture without committing errors enough to have insured the success of any opposition, candidly and patriotically marshalled. Unfortunately for us, unwisely for them, the Democratic leaders have so shaped the canvass that we dare not change our rulers for fear of changing our institutions. Vitiating by long habits of political intrigue, they judged the popular intelligence from their own degenerate stand-point. Because the people asked for reform, they thought they would bear revolution; because some were willing to accept an improvement on Abraham Lincoln, they imagined it a good time to administer a platform dissolved in this weak decoction of Vallandigham, Jeff. Davis, and Benedict Arnold. The American people are a people of sentiment. They are gazing down into the profoundest depths of this question. As surely as the springs of the earth are gushing pure and sweet beneath the blood of battle, just so sure, under all the horrors of war, do we behold the refreshing

streams of future order, stability, and peace. The American people are also a business people. They have estimated the profits and losses of this war ; they have dropped in one scale the tears, the graves, the debts, the taxes, the crippled limbs, the ruined homes, the demoralized habits, and the depreciated constitutions ; and in the other scale they have placed the unity, the progress, and the prosperity of America ; and they know how such profits outweigh all its losses. They see rising from the crimson mist a firmer, securer nationality, no longer at the mercy of the sophist or the conspirator, just as restricted, but more respected of all States and nations. They see, too, the States—always inviolate within their just sphere—no longer, with an arrogant intrusiveness, aspiring to unsettle the grander guardianship of the nation. If Abraham Lincoln is the tyrant and imbecile they call him, the Democratic Party had a great card in their hands, and the people will hold them responsible for trifling with the crisis and throwing away the game.

If the President is weak, better a weak man with a strong cause than an indifferent man with no cause at all. Professing to be horrified at the usurpations of the administration, the Chicago party have left the people no alternative but to hold on to Mr. Lincoln, or give up the country. What kind of a country is it which elects the Chicago ticket ? A majority of the people will then have decided that the principle of obedience to the will of the majority can no longer be maintained ; that it failed by peace in 1860 ; that it has failed by war in 1864. Elect that ticket, and you elect a laugh at our own arrogance, imbecility and cowardice ; you elect an acknowledgment that eight millions of people, armed with an impracticable sophistry are too much for twenty millions, backed by the eternal truths of republican faith and national sovereignty.

Oh! but McClellan's letter is sound on the war. When was the Democratic machine ever stopped by a letter? Franklin Pierce's inaugural declared that the slavery question should never be revived during his administration, and in one year the land was wild with the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. James Buchanan made a similar declaration, and the blast from Kansas almost blew out the light of the republic.

"Union," writes McClellan, "is the one condition of peace," ah! but what Union? The Union that appeases Southern hostilities by surrendering to Southern dogmas about States doing as they like, or the Union that insists firmly on a firmer adherence to national obligations? He dare not tell us which Union he means, and we dare not trust him without knowing.

Besides, a scratch of the pen does not prove a man. A campaign letter is not a candidate's character. If you want to know McClellan, you must find out his habits of thought and feeling. Who are his friends? What are his associations and surroundings? They make the man, not electioneering words. The very virtues of the individual would be the vices of the administration. The men who made McClellan are heart and soul with the South. If he is grateful, he will be true to them, and so, false to the country. Elect the Chicago ticket, and the Democratic Party will tell you that the people have decided in favor of negotiation. You know, and I know—and all the world knows—that success in negotiation depends on success in war. The South will say to your commissioners, "We went to war for our independence—you went to war to prevent it. You have been throwing shot and shell upon us for three years and a half without our crying enough. If your war is a failure ours is a success, and we demand the fruits of it—the acknowledgment of our inde-

pendence." What other guaranties could you give them? They have had everything but this acknowledgment? The Republican Congress of 1861 unanimously guaranteed slavery in the States, and refused to disturb it in organizing new Territories. If the South wanted more at the commencement of the war, in God's name, what will they demand when you have pronounced that war a failure?

McClellan could give them no more than Lincoln offered them through the first eighteen months of the conflict. He gave them back their negroes; he guaranteed them every right under the Constitution, and what was the answer? More armies to invade us, more pirates to burn our helpless merchantmen, more importunities for foreign aid to co-operate against us, and if these fail, the last ditch more welcome than the temple of Washington. General McClellan in repeating Mr. Lincoln's past is only walking through the canvass in that gentleman's old boots. If elected, backing his car on the worn-out rails of 1861 and 1862, to end where the colonies began, amid the confusion and anarchy of aboriginal conflicts.

John Van Buren, in a speech at Hudson, told the people that Mr. Lincoln with his emancipation policy, had perverted the objects of the war. More than a year ago, on Madison Square, he declared slavery deserved its doom. Before the war that prophetic politician informed the North if secession took place it would be only a holiday task for us to go South and reannex them without slavery. Where are we to place a ticket with such summersault supporters? Here is one of the original founders of the later anti-slavery party going about the country denouncing his own offspring. Are not eighteen months long enough to play with war, fritter away our strength and jeopardise our existence? Depend upon it, a people who could fire on a President struck with the paralysis of judicial and

congressional restrictions, drop two houses of Congress, throw away a supreme judicial bench, turn their backs upon a popular vote ready to sweep them again into power—a people who have emptied their hands of all these blessings that they might tear up the foundations of American prosperity, and float their ruins in the heart's blood of the North—such a people are not to be brought back by an armistice, but on a stretcher.

Never but once have the citizens of the North voted directly upon the slavery question, and then they gave an overwhelming majority for Southern rights. In the contest of 1852, the Fugitive Slave Law and the Compromise of 1850, were almost the only questions before the people; yet every Northern State, but two, voted solid for the South. That was the real test of Northern feeling for Southern slavery under the Constitution. In 1856 the large vote of Fremont was neither for the woolly horse nor for the woolly head, but the recoil of a business people, from the breach of contract in the repeal of the Compromise of 1820. The election of Mr. Lincoln was a judicial verdict against the corruption of politicians and the wiles of conspirators under the Buchanan administration. The anti-slavery vote was not the increase of anti-slavery feeling; but the people driven into the anti-slavery party, as the only organized means of breaking down depraved statesmanship, corrupted by the slave power. France has been called a monarchy, modified by songs; Russia a despotism, tempered with assassination; and is not the American republic a democracy, checked, not Chicagoed, by watchful minorities? The great distinction between despotism and democracy is, that in the first, the minority is dominant and stationary; in the last it is patient, subordinate and fluctuating. The minority of to-day, fresh from communion with the people, may be the majority of

to-morrow, administering their sympathies in the government; and the majority, relieved of the elevation and importance of official life, go back to renew and strengthen their affections with the people. Thus the system harmonizes, power rotates, and the republic is safe. Great benefits are sometimes in the minority, and great evils often in the majority, but with a little patience they inevitably change places. No man in this Union ever advocated a policy or a party that was not at some time or another in power. And no man or party has a right to rebel against a principle whose alternating possibilities may ensure their return to power.

First it is Biddle's bank, then Benton's hard currency, Massachusetts' tariff and South Carolina's free trade, anti-liquor, anti-rent and Know-Nothing, Wilmot proviso, and Dred Scott decision, each by turn swearing in their hobby; and last to come—and yet to last always—Emancipation—poor, wild-eyed, closet-ridden fanaticism. Constitutionally, pertinaciously despised abolitionism! Alternately the fanatic's dream and the politician's grave, the statesman's crime and the nation's goal. Humanity driven into a corner, reduced to a seventy years' whisper, started to its feet by the cannon of Davis, and floated by the blood of both North and South into the fireside possession of every slaveholder or hater in this serf-banished land.

Negotiation means nothing now unless it means independence out of the Union, or insubordination in the Union. It means a foreign power built upon the ruins of our domestic hearth-stones or the whole republic, with the vital element of all republicanism gone—obedience to the will of the majority; Union, with the principle of unity dissolved; and when that dies, who will calm the jarring States? What will give us dignity and consideration abroad? Where, then, is the great republic? What,

then, do you mean by an American citizen? Because one party favored the African, must all parties give up this beautiful Anglo-Saxon America? Because the Constitution reserved to the States powers not necessary to the General Government, shall those powers which are necessary, and which it did delegate to the General Government, be at the mercy of the sophistry or the iniquity of any State which imagines somebody at some time intends to injure them?

What do we mean by State sovereignty and State pride? The States are spontaneous communities, born of the accidents of migration and settlement. The Union is the deliberate act of the best wisdom of all the States. The national power is so much of State rights surrendered to protect the rest. And the States that strike at the nation strike at the rights of the States that make the nation. A citizen is born in South Carolina, raises cotton in Alabama, and dies in California. His cradle is rocked under one jurisdiction, his pocket filled or emptied by another, and his coffin lowered in a third; but he is always in the Union—that most continuous, overshadowing and comprehensive home, into which reach his loftiest pride of empire, his deepest dreams of progress, his most varied and interlacing pursuits of business, ambition, or pleasure. Which State did Jeff. Davis risk his neck for? Kentucky bore him, he studied treason all his life in Mississippi, commenced to practice it in Alabama, graduated a classic, full grown culprit in Virginia, and is fast advancing into those states of despondency and despair which are resuming their sovereignty over him.

How came the Democratic Party to father so distracting and decimating a heresy? I confess I see nothing so attractive in the present position of that party to stand by it when Democracy itself is perishing in their hands. Let

us distinguish between the Democratic community and the Democratic organization. The Democratic community are sincere, patriotic, and credulous. If they vote wrong, they mean right; if they follow knaves and demagogues, they believe them champions of the principles they love and cherish. How well the Democratic organization know how to play on these patriotic chords. By vigorous cries of "traitor," "turncoat," "go with your party," "he is a Black Republican," "stand by the Democracy"—these are the magic phrases upon which they presume to whip into line all who would rebel against fraud, treachery, imbecility, and disunion. We know where to find the peace party. They are open and honest. Strong advocates of weak governments, they hanker for ruins as Englishmen do for tainted cheese. Muddled with Calhoun metaphysics about State sovereignty, in the winter of our fortunes, they go South for their politics, as invalids go for their health. The larger and adroiter wing have no theories and no principles but for power. They talk war for Northern votes, that they may make peace for Southern votes. Lusting for Southern support, they would legalize Southern treason and rob the North of the right to a stable government, by turning this Union into the hall-door of a tenement house, where States may go in and out and track their dirt as they please—while we intend that it shall be a hermetically sealed jar to preserve the fruits of our fathers from so destructive an atmosphere.

I charge the Democratic leaders with acting in this crisis without dignity, consistency, common sense, or courage. With increasing through envy and disappointment the very evils they themselves helped to produce. I charge them with going to the Charleston Convention in 1860, and with their numerical minority as voters, and their numerical majority as delegates, attempting to force on

that Convention a candidate who, by his part in disturbing the Missouri Compromise, could not succeed at the North, and because of his vote on the Lecompton bill would fail at the South. Refusing all compromise at that time, when concession might have saved the party and the country, and then denouncing the Republicans because they would not conciliate and compromise with violence and treason, when such concessions would have been degrading and useless. I charge the Democratic leaders and presses with pretending to advocate the war, stamping the "Union at all hazards" on their banners, and then nominating peace candidates who, after being smuggled through the ballot-boxes with the war-cry, seat themselves down in Congress to vote the soldiers in rags and the country in ruins. I charge them with trying to wean the people from a just war, by artfully exaggerating its faults, underrating our resources, sneering at our victories, and sending their governors and ex-governors whining around the country to twaddle about the miseries and expenses of this conflict, as if all wars were not miserable and expensive, until by hearty co-operation, shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, we bring them to a healthy conclusion. I charge this Jacobin junta with striving to drown the sound of their own blows upon the country in the cries of "liberty in danger," shrieking against arbitrary arrest, with the whole pack loose upon the land; with attempting to bring the military and civil power into collision, with denouncing taxation and high prices, as if high prices did not bring high wages, while the inexhaustible resources of mines and lands, and tariff and trade would sink twice the debt to a mere bagatelle in a few years. I charge this beautiful crowd with essaying to degrade the Government and excite the prejudices of labor and races, by calling this a war for the negro, when they know that the white man's

republic depends for its life upon the red blood that is spilled for it now. In vain do we look for any leading idea, any profound national sentiment or principle underlying this selfish opposition wrangle for power.

No foreign policy, save to snarl at the policy which keeps us from foreign war. No domestic censure for those who would for ever uproot our domestic rights and interests. No theory of treatment in dealing with the deluded despoilers of our national inheritance, unless we give up all, to those who would break up all, that keeps us all,—a People—a Country—a Power. Nothing but an appeal to the lowest passions for the possession of the highest offices. "Vote our ticket because we are opposed to the war. Rich man, war is expensive, it snatches away your wealth. Poor man, war is impoverishing, it takes away your work. Brave man, war is degrading, there is no glory in certain defeat." Such is the paralyzing programme a spirited and sagacious community are called upon to seat in the chair of George Washington.

Where is that inspired, courageous old Democratic Party which Jefferson founded, Jackson immortalized and James Buchanan buried? Some years ago there could be seen stranded on the shores of Long Island Sound the shattered remnants of a once noble steamer. Its guards were down, its rudder gone, its machinery broken and useless. Half blackened and consumed by storm and conflagration, its name still glared out in full capitals; the bell which had so often rang the public to harbor and home still sounded meaninglessly with every shifting gale. Just so stands the Democratic Party. The same sound still calls to us; but it is the toll above the wreck. The same grand old name still waves upon the campaign banners, waylaying us for our suffrages; but the vessel we trusted to carry us through every sea—once so powerful

and popular—now drifts before the storm, a shrunken, helpless and snarling minority. Why is it that every east wind drizzles upon us a Democratic defeat? Why is it that every northern blast whirls down upon us a Republican majority? Why is it that the West, to which we are told to look for clear skies and fair weather—the West is black with the popular refusal to restore this so-called Democracy? Alas! Uninterrupted prosperity has weaned patriotism and wisdom from politics. Little men have been permitted to trifle with great principles, and death or disgust swept all the Democratic giants from the helm. The Democratic Party came into life to give life to free institutions. Many heroes of the Revolution who fought for independence had no faith in popular government. After the formation of the Constitution this distrust exhibited itself in the support of aristocratic privileges and monopolies. The Democratic Party was organized to protect the constitution from the misconstruction of oligarchs, and the people from all oppressive and illiberal tendencies, and not to play into the hands of despots and traitors. It began the world with the fears of Washington, the hatred of Hamilton, and the adoration of Jefferson and Madison. With its infant hands it strangled the Colossus of the Revolution, John Adams, and threw his party and his policy into the grave of the eighteenth century. Has it not advocated and administered every war since the revolution? Did it not banish the Indian and silence the nullifier? Did it not chastise England, threaten France, and conquer Mexico? and must it go down under the red waves of a still more righteous conflict? The old Democratic Party has added more territory to the Union than the peace of 1783. It purchased Louisiana, negotiated Florida, annexed Texas, and dropped all the gold of California into our pockets; and shall such a counterfeit

pinchbeck successor leave it hardly a State on which to lay its dying head?

I stand by the Baltimore ticket, because there I find my country, and nowhere else in this election do I know where to look for it. It plays no tricks with the crisis. It is bold, open, manly and national. On that platform sits the courage of the North, the spirit of the age, the genius of war and the safety of America. It calls guilt by its right name, and proposes to deal with it in the right way. It holds no parley with those who ask no quarter and mean no Union; whom if you face you must fight, and if you treat with, you must yield. The Baltimore resolutions represent the highest point to which courage and soul have raised endangered citizenship. The Chicago resolutions proclaim the most diminutive proportions to which political demoralization has shrunk American character. I see there only an English libel copied from the London *Times*, and pronounced by a few shaking American politicians as their standard of political duty. They call the war a failure, then nominate a failure to prove it, then get that failure to write the platform a failure, and now it only wants one more failure on the 8th of November to finish the concern. Indeed, has all this tramp, and shot and blood availed nothing? Speak, howling Jeff., with your falling spirits and your disbanding armies. Speak, ye thousand miles of sea-coast, with but one port to welcome the sneaking smuggler to your traitorous breast. Speak, Sherman, with your firm foot upon their guilty hearthstones, where you but stamp it and insurrection, starved and ragged, flies wailing before you. Speak, pinching penury, useless energy. Speak, worthless currency, hopeless heresy, heart-broken community. Your falling tears, your running slaves, your dying brothers, Northern traitors stunned, foreign inter-

vention dead, do you tell me Abraham Lincoln's gripe has no vigor in it? You have tried him in war, you have tried him in diplomacy, you have wrestled with him at the foot of every throne in Europe. You have confronted him for thousands of miles along river, marsh and forest, where he has tracked you with the Indian's scent to save you from the Indian's destiny. You have summoned to your aid swamp fever, ambush, tomahawk and torpedo. You promised the world that you would strap the North to your pole, driving the continent in double harness, and where are you now? A nameless, penniless, shivering outlaw! shrinking from the charter signed "George Washington," and dying by inches with the powder and ball of Abraham Lincoln. Is this a failure, oh, successful Vallandigham, with that hundred thousand adverse majority gazing down upon your sinking platform? We who have gone back to the barbarism of blows to secure the civilization of votes—we who love the contention of thought better than the contention of arms—who prefer always to conquer rather by convention than collision, we who have had no heart in mowing down any portion of the soul and strength of this nation, if that soul and that strength could be captured by a principle instead of an army—shall we not to-day, profiting by the lessons of this war and this election, hold up that which best keeps us up? The soldier from his farthest front of danger is watching us from our highest stand of civil duty. Can we drop the national fortunes into the slippery hands stretched forth to grasp them? Would we not half-mast the flag on every battle-field, for the fruits of victory vanished, for the dead too uselessly slain, for the living too hopelessly dethroned, divided, debt-ridden and degraded? No! we will treat our party as a loved mistress who has jilted us; as a favorite gun that will not fire; as a match too damp

with Southern tears to light. We will huddle under this Lincoln shed until Democracy finds a better roof to shelter us from the tempest ; until better times and better men shall give us back our party, purified by defeat, and our country, relieved of the sophist and the traitor, walks forth once more among the nations of the earth, a redeemed, invincible and united commonwealth.

EULOGY

ON

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

DELIVERED AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA,

MAY 6TH, 1865.

SOLDIERS! who have saved the national life, why do I stand here to-day the orator of desolation and death? Why have ye half-masted that flag which now waves with new meaning over our whole America?

Your arms are reversed, and yet there are no reverses; your shields are craped in gloom, and yet the prospect is clear and bright before us; no one dares to doubt your sublime courage and heroic devotion, and yet you shrink here to-day, unnerved and helpless, before the majesty of this bereavement.

Alas! our national deliverer has fallen at the very gates of the national deliverance. He who brought down the great conspiracy to the dust is himself but dust. He at whose beck a million of armed men moved upon the foe, had not one arm to stay the cowardly trigger that swept him from the earth.

For four years crime and science sent forth their bulleted thousands to crush or capture that life which a single finger has reached and rended. Why could not

the genius of disappointment capitulate gracefully? Why, when it had lost its cause, did it not preserve its self-respect, and so descend to a decent instead of dastardly grave? Not that we would hold an entire community responsible for prompting this deed, yet the teachings of its leaders, the calumnies daily and hourly heaped on that head toiling only for the public weal, acting on a weak and insane temperament, produced their natural fruits in this culminating crime. The purity of our Republican faith, the golden stream of our returning prosperity, has been stirred and stained for the first time with the murdered life-blood of our first Citizen.

Just as we were sitting down to our second Union wedding feast, a skeleton stalks in upon the banquet.

Just as we had reached that bend in the river of Retribution, that angle of anxiety, where the implements of adjustment were succeeding the elements of destruction; just as the blood of contending armies was drying up and healing up on those silent and deserted battle-fields from which the South was limping away crushed and helpless, from whence the North was stalking forth strong and magnanimous, the demon of assassination soars to the very pinnacle of our triumph, treads the sacred summit of our civil system, enters with its grave venom the theatre of social recreation, where sits our great actor on the theatre of events; with stealthy step and ghastly cheek it leans over into the charmed circle amidst which power had forgotten everything but humor and friendship; its arm lifts—and our great and good friend vanishes forever. The chair of state sinks into the bier of death, on which lies the cold and clammy clod that was once the warm and useful life of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Oh! who could have the heart to stop the beating of such a heart, whose every throb was for the glory and unity of our whole

America! What brain could plan the dashing out of such a brain, that so thoughtfully, so deeply, for years, had been planning our redemption! No quarter for him who never drew a drop of blood beyond the lines of war! No hope, no help for him who spared guilty thousands! On that day, all the pride of power, all the glory of victory, all the sense of superiority over foe and faction vanished. We heard not the tramp of our irresistible hosts, we saw not the glittering spears of our successful heroes as they moved in majesty over rebellion's prostrate and punished hordes, we saw nothing through our falling tears—nothing but a breathless martyr and an empty chair. Thousands had fallen to help victory; one, one death only could mar it, and that one nursed, cheered, led us up the mountain of our trial to leave us lonely and weeping at the peak.

Did the shallow soul who took this life, imagine that he could obstruct the current of ABRAHAM LINCOLN's cause by choking it up with ABRAHAM LINCOLN's corpse? Was he so ignorant of his victim's past as not to know that he who was to be injured was of all souls the most ready to forgive injuries? The South, which was to have been avenged by his death, was sure of more mercy, more help in their helplessness from this doomed man, than any unknown succeeding chief whom the exasperation of the North might precipitate in judgment upon the culprits. And even if the card sent by the assassin to the Vice-President had brought him within range of his shot, had the Speaker of the House, the President *pro tem.* of the Senate, the heads of departments, all in their turn vanished from the official helm, there would have been so much merit to deplore, so many funerals to attend, but nothing else to miss or bury. No revolution to announce, no system to be swept away, whose roots are not in Washington,

but in the hearts and habits of American citizenship. The constitution of the United States has worked its way into the constitution of every individual life. What is grounded in human nature, can only be eradicated by human nature. The habit and the influence of this republican system is so sure and so constant that the transition from one incumbent of office to another, is too natural, too necessary, to be disturbed by any violent displacement. For every LINCOLN dead, there is a LINCOLN to follow, without jar or disconcertion, beyond the sentiment and gossip of the hour. A LINCOLN, too, insisting on the same righteous conflict, the same redeeming policy ; a policy reached and shaped thoughtfully, gradually, at first reluctantly, feeling its way timidly through the slow relaxing labyrinth of popular approval, until widely, almost unanimously, not by the freak or fanaticism of a man, nor in the hour of sure and exultant conquest, but proclaimed in suffering and in doubt, as the majestic resolve, the political and moral necessity, the deep self-convinced, self-defensive experience of a people determined not to come out of this fearful tempest with a right half yielded, a wrong half mended, and so a community wholly again insecure and vulnerable.

When a government depends upon an intelligent head, ruling an ignorant mass, the death of the one may be the upheaval of the other ; but when the Chief of the State is but the type and the epitome of the average community, that whole community must die before the system perishes. Like most of the blunderers who have attempted to reason on the results of our war, the assassin underrated the republican system in educating the republican character. Calumny has erred more than it has benefited by reading history ; because Rome split and Europe usually emerges from her great convulsions with old political

lines obliterated, and a new construction of her civil relations, the great American Republic must degenerate into the same disruptions and divisions—forgetting that universal suffrage and universal knowledge were arches of salvation upon which no other republic had ever rested. A people who have the intelligence to see the right and the implement to secure it, are not born to meet the fate of nations who pass from commotion to commotion, with no interest and no voice in the result, because with no means to guide or influence it. “The great republic is gone,” says the wise European philosophy of 1861. “Years of war, four or five republics, and then universal monarchy,” exclaims the Count De Morny. After the first six months, England was to interfere; then came another flash of prophecy; the military was to crush the civil power—a new Napoleon was to drive both houses of Congress out of the windows of the Capitol.

Thiers’ *French Revolution* and Headley’s *Napoleon and his Marshals* filled the weaker intelligence with these nightmares, as if soldiers, growing up and blooming all over with the blessings of such a government, possess the temptations to lawlessness of the French soldier, who knew nothing of the civil life of the past but by its oppressions; and who had acquired no discipline or experience of years to shape or steady whatever better policy he might think he was contending for. Then came the plausible financial prophecy—that the national purse could not stand the expense of the national safety—the difficulty was too vast, the outlay too enormous. No other people had ever met such a strain upon its resources without bankruptcy. As if any other people ever possessed such boundless resources to draw from, such floods of emigration, such freedom from debt, such vast undeveloped treasure from ocean to ocean, such awakened industry,

and such universal enterprise, which no nation in any hour of civil peace or civil commotion could call upon to prop up its princes or its principles.

And now comes this most foul, fatal, and depraved prophet, who, more cruelly and terribly personal in the application of his theory, imagines that if he can only strike down some of the higher officers of the government, the confusion, the perturbation, the embarrassment that succeeds the blow may topple down the principle and the structure of the government itself; and so his dear South, lying helpless at the far end of the plank, suddenly, by the weight of the fall, is lifted again to rise and rule by anarchy if not by victory. Never before has this stealthy state corrector—born of Mexican confusion and European oppression—aimed its ghastly reform at America's beneficent republicanism. The spirit of assassination is not a reasoning spirit; if it had the mental energy to think, the agitation of ideas would purify it. It is a senseless, nerveless, mindless monster! too weak to argue, and too timid to fight its victim; so it conceives its blow in meanness, and strikes in darkness. Every assassin is a morbid egotist, who, brooding on one idea, whether of revenge or reform, reduces to a selfish personality the cause of his differences. Great minds take their chances with great principles. If they fail, the great man is appeased by the consciousness of right or the martyrdom of failure. The little mind, with no vision to comprehend either, substitutes nervous excitement for mental contemplation; and so, from love of notoriety or hatred of those who differ with, or surpass him, becomes an assassin. Calhoun could stab a nation with his logic, but how his nature would have recoiled at such an enforcement. In the whole history of assassination no striking man ever strikes the blow; the obscure Brutus and his accomplices flow down to us

only on Cæsar's blood. Richard the Third threw on degraded royalty no brighter gleam than flashed from his perpetually descending blade. Ravillac, who murdered Henry of France, was a low, irresponsible fanatic. The murderer of the Duc de Berry, in depriving France of an amiable sovereign, blasted more on that day, than he had ever benefited in all his days. Russia's Peter and Russia's Paul and England's Perceval, all fell by men who never lifted themselves by word or deed above the little light that guided them to another's heart. And now, to-day, America's LINCOLN comes down from a height loftier than his office, torn from the embrace of two millions of uplifting votes by the blow of a second-rate member of a second-class profession. The people who turned their backs on his acting have had to face his crime. He who knew nothing of government has succeeded in embarrassing it. He who spit upon the flag has half-masted it from Maine to California. The player who could not secure the attention of a single house has shook a continent and startled a century.

Yet when we remember how every life at all times is at the mercy of whatever insignificance or malignity chooses to assail it, we should thank the assassin for sparing ABRAHAM LINCOLN to us so long. A life that has passed through so many phases of public sentiment, so many important and momentous public actions, that life needed to be spared if it would be tested as the representative of the peculiar perils and novel trials of the American people—this life whose first official mission was to prove the right of the people to change their past peaceably in the orbit of the constitution; to renovate the old routine, to vindicate a new policy, to raise up and warm up more earnest men in the channels of public communication, to face anger without fearing or provoking it, to

rebuke without wronging a community who had nothing to fear because no one to injure them. Let us thank the assassin for sparing him in that trembling interval between the ballot and the oath, between the 6th of November, 1860, and the 4th of March, 1861, when the elect of the people was permitted to take the people's chair before it was wrenched from him by the people's foe. Let us be grateful to the forbearing fiend for withholding his hand during that long range of eighteen months of mere defensive peace-beseeching war, when the innocent purposes of the President's election were so fully proved by the pertinacity with which he refused to disturb slavery. When that faithful hand, now cold in death, held on the rocking and reeling institution, through all the crimson sleet and blinding mist and fire of those murderous legions, and the lurid blaze from those incendiary ships which were shooting and burning out of the heart of the North all the forbearance which self-defence dictates to either policy or humanity.

Let us thank the wretch, too, for that further delay when the hour came for changing the government policy without changing its sense of duty; when the foe is to be punished more effectually by withholding the element that encourages his crime; when, having spared to the enemy more than he deserved, he could now concede to his friends all they asked; could help the fallen and the favored race, help the cause, the flag and the age, by one word, and that word, Emancipation. It was something to be permitted to pronounce it, to shut up a crime by opening our mouth, to break a chain as well as a conspiracy, to shoot this redeeming ray in the face of the thousands who died to stifle it, to throw such a light on this nation as no sun of genius or glory had ever shot along our American sky.

And now, after all the toil, the anguish, the doubt, the inexperience, the faith, and the courage of four years of conscientious labor in unparalleled fields of statesmanship, it was something, too, to be permitted to go, with all his works, his fears and hopes, to the ballot-box, and from out its deep tones to hear that sweetest music in the ear of all candidacy, "Go forth, thou good and faithful servant, to a new lease of labor and glory." We thank our stars that this star was not quenched until the darkness which brooded over us had been scattered forever, crime punished, freedom safe, and the nation paramount. These were the aims of his policy and are the results of his efforts, and no bullet stepped between them and the crowning consummation of his life. They conclude his history, they round his eulogy, and they must crown his immortality. The scholar cannot read his annals and doubt that he was equal to the events which he administered, or that the events themselves were equalled by anything American since the advent of Washington.

If we look closely into the history of preceding administrations, we see how obviously connected was their line of policy growing out of the events that preceded them; how, in the unresisted exercise of its functions, the executive office is but comparatively plain sailing, despite of errors, and wranglings, and threats, which an appointment may modify, a message influence, or a veto arrest.

The nullification of South Carolina in 1833 never disturbed even a sheet of paper in the War Office or State Department. Most of our constitutional disputes, heretofore, have pointed to an increase or decrease in the powers to be exercised under that instrument; never to an extinction of its functions over any State or section. Since Shay's very trivial rebellion, not a pistol had been snapped in the face of the grand old charter.

No one administration since the adoption of the constitution has been confronted with any graver question than the charter of a bank, the reduction of a tariff, the status of a Territory, the negotiation of a treaty, or the admission of a State, out of which logical convulsions often have arisen, but which the good sense of the people or the government have invariably adjusted. Mr. LINCOLN'S administration was the most trying, because it found itself not with the measures of government disputed, but its very existence denied. With the oath over him to administer for all the States, he found State after State renouncing a jurisdiction he dare not release and could not control. In being peremptorily called on to accept the secession of States, he was invited to arrogate powers not granted to him in the instrument he was bound to support. Washington's term of office was a period of serious trial and anxiety to the friends of republican government. Nothing less than the influence of such a hero could have secured the successful adoption of a constitution with which so many wise men differed.

To secure a public opinion that would acquiesce in its jurisdiction, to reconcile the antagonism of leaders who distrusted each other's motives, and differed in their construction of the instrument they were aiding to administer, to substitute personal character and personal respect for tradition and experience, required a force of will, a delicacy of tact, an elevation of character, a superior confidence in the man which only such a hero could inspire. Popular intelligence in the time of our fathers would never have accepted this constitution from a conviction of its benefits. One party, fresh from the memory of British injustice, were for construing away all constraint on their actions; the other, more thoughtful, and fearful of the caprices of the multitude, insisted on approximating to

the conservatism of monarchy. Washington, calmer and clearer than either, admonished them of both extremes, strenuously administering the government in a spirit of moderation and harmony that permanently secured us the beautiful system under which we have lived and prospered. The administration of John Adams involved no more important question than the necessity of relieving the nation of a Chief who had no faith in popular government. He was merely an eloquent, defiant electoral accident, a sort of intellectual isthmus between the harmonious grandeur of Washington and the great popular leadership of Thomas Jefferson. The presidency of Mr. Jefferson originated that democratic policy which for fifty years powerfully influenced the nation, and settled on a more comprehensive basis the influence of the people in public affairs—the grave of Federalism and the nursery of a new political organization, which, under different names, has preserved its distinctive national disorganizing features ever since. Who now had the keener vision, Hamilton or Jefferson? In that storm of contending statesmanship, which almost shook the great chief from his chair, was it not Hamilton who prophesied that the Federal Government had most to fear from the encroachments of the States; and was it not Jefferson who, in his dread of central power, encouraged, under the captivating and popular terms of “State Rights,” “Federal Usurpation,” all those little local laxitudes whose continuous buzz has so impeded for fifty years the music of the Union, and at last, through ambition and cunning, and the slow but sure unloosening of national ties by the intellectual training of the Southern young American in this plausible but perilous political school, brought us to this doubly perilous brink? Our real destiny, both political and geographical, begins with this administration. To it we are indebted for all that

portion of our possessions included in the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Kansas, and the Territories of Nebraska and Washington. It laid the basis of our future statesmanship, and with it many of our subsequent trials and dangers. James Madison succeeded to the legacy of English difficulties bequeathed to him by the preceding rule. Though a statesman of profound talents and amiable virtues, no man was ever more abused for timidity and inconsistency. One of the principal framers of the Constitution, he felt too deeply the responsibility that authorship involved not to act cautiously in any matter affecting its security. The issues presented during his administration—war with England and the assertion of our freedom on the sea as well as on the land—were of a nature rather to unite than divide the nation. It was in his time that the famous Hartford Convention met—the body to which Southern Secessionists proudly pointed as a proof that the Northern States had contemplated resorting to secession as well as themselves. Unfortunately for the argument, the Convention, which peaceably assembled, as peaceably dissolved, without resolving to raise even a finger against their best friend. If the North ever talk rebellion, they talk on till they talk themselves back to a more dutiful allegiance. In the administration of James Monroe, which is called by historians the era of good feeling, occurs the first warning of that terrible rending which slavery had in store for us. Yet the storm of the Missouri Compromise was quelled by a healthier public feeling than felled us. The succeeding President, John Quincy Adams, seated in the trough of the sea, between the wave of the Missouri difficulty and the billow of Nullification, moves on an easy swell to peace and oblivion. Then we come to the iron days of our inflexible Jackson, a soldier by feeling and profession, and no fiercer war on

his hands than to hunt the Indian in a swamp, silence France with a demand for indemnity, South Carolina with a threat, and the great Bank with a veto. The succeeding régime is but an elongation of this master influence, memorable for the secession of gold and silver from the currency, and a war of words over the burning *Caroline* as it plunged down the awful abyss of Niagara. With the advent of Tylerism, comes the second instalment of ABRAHAM LINCOLN's future trials, in the annexation of Texas; then the election of Polk, with the sweeping down of the great and good men of both political parties; the war with Mexico; the coming in of golden lands, and the going out of the golden leaders who had kept up the health, the vigor, and the integrity of the national sentiment. Later still, the Fillmore Administration advances with the Compromise of 1850—the last briefly successful struggle against the progressing arrogance of the slave power, when the dying giants of our land threw the weight of their names and nerves into the death struggle for peace and justice, expiring at the very threshold of their labors and leaving a helpless nation to drift on towards blinding darkness and blood.

With the Pierce Administration arrives the era of little men and great conspirators, of harmony disturbed and compacts broken, of fresh graves opened and jewels robbed from our illustrious dead.

In this administration the Republican party was born—in this administration was cut the timber from that Black Forest which was to kindle our recent unholy conflagration; and thus these master mischief-makers pile high the burden under which the later LINCOLN is to stagger. Soon the banner-blunderer, Buchanan, breaks on the lowering sky; around him gather all the ghastly gamesters for empire, who read their doom in the threat-

ening minorities soon to rise to chastising majorities against their sacrilegious plottings.

Here was woven the cotton shroud in which we have laid the dead South of the past—here was born in the Convention and vote of 1860 that pillar of fire for our night, that ABRAHAM LINCOLN whom this day we mourn and bless. This son of the prairie has found a high mountain range on which to rest his great and good deeds. We all remember the contest of 1860. In that crash of parties conscientious citizens hardly knew under which fragment to retreat with their bewildered opinions; whether to go rail-splitting at Chicago or hair-splitting at Charleston; whether to suffer respectable extinction with Bell and Everett, or to be frantically organized under the Southern Cross with Breckenridge and Lane.

The storm rose, the sun darkened, the earth reeled; on those heaving waves walked the trembling fortunes of America, demanding to be reassured by the exercise of a warmer fellowship and a more comprehensive patriotism. The Republican convention, too full of fear for favoritism, drops the giant of the Empire State and applies a more soothing sedative to the nervous commonwealth. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, though untried, was also uncursed; though unknown, for that very reason he could not be unpopular. And now who is this man they have caught up in a despairing tempest and lashed fast to this unsteady wheel? One indifferent Congressional term, one unsuccessful Senatorial contest, are all the political capital he can drop into that anxious ballot-box. Yet they knew the stout character looming behind that lean reputation. They knew how much power a citizen may exhibit without the official exercise of power. How the open life of the press, the stump, and the tribune keep our American citizenship in constant communication with the men and the states-

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manship of the times. How the active sympathies of the observing intellectual man broaden and deepen the range of his vision, and silently accumulate for him a fund of civil helpfulness always valuable and always liable to be called upon in great political emergencies. Born in Kentucky, a Southern State, reared in Illinois, a Northern State, he possessed just that graft which, quickening with neither extreme, would rule both in harmony. The sympathy of the South in feeling, the energy of the North in action, a pure life, a tested intellect, a varied experience identified with a new and growing community, who had earned by numbers, by patience, by population and power, a Presidential candidate; proved in general fidelity to party principles, yet unskilled in all partisan tactics and all vulgar partisan schemings; with none of those weaknesses so common to the most extraordinary men, without Webster's convivial excess, or Cicero's vanity, or Bacon's love of money, this spotless spirit rides the tempest, grinding no axe, but rebellion, to powder, and exhibiting no weakness but the lack of instant power to accomplish it. Where in the long line of our administrators will you find more real dignity of character with less assumption of it? While other Presidents economize their strength with official reserve and occasional seclusion from those incessant personal interviews which wear out the Presidential energies quite as much as more prominent exertion, Mr. LINCOLN's sweep of good nature blew down all the fences around his position, and so left him out in common where the whole herd felt at liberty to browse. He was the first President who had time to see and hear every one. In civil war he has been civil to all. Blood never heated his blood. Place never made him forget his place. Thoughtful, studious, abstemious, industrious, the man of the people. Elected for all, with an

ear for all, at home always in, his hand always out, ten chances to one, if you or I go to the White House with a new invention to cradle wheat, a telegram from Gen. Grant's last battle does not surprise him with the instrument in his hand testing its merits in front of the White House. This is the democracy of manners linked to the democracy of principles. Sympathy for man which place cannot displace, and which springs only from the noblest natures, tested by the trials of the loftiest station. The war has produced nothing more remarkable than the growth of this character on the cause and the age. Our earlier chiefs received the Presidency as the crowning official consummation of the people's gratitude for great and decisive services in their behalf. The later Presidents, from Polk to Buchanan, were men of moderate ability and of indifferent usefulness. Lucky creatures of availability, for party favors they performed a party's behests, imparting nothing to high station, but a warning against the principle that placed them there. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, born of the same principle of availability, the nominee and the elect of a mere party, the sins of that party to embarrass his administration of the cares and troubles of the country, an unknown man grappling with and groping through unknown dangers, many trembled for the vote they had given when they saw the huge black cloud charged with that extraordinary thunder lowering down on that seemingly ordinary creation of partisan manœuvring. Some believed at first that the people had elected a joke to administer a calamity; that we had merely called on an awkward undertaker to lay out the cold remains of American liberty, so gracelessly did he seem to shuffle up to the temple of fame. Every man who found the President differing with his little way of settling our troubles, was sure we must go to ruin with

such an ignorant pilot. Steadily and surely this perplexed chief toiled on through this mountain of misrepresentation; ever the result of capacity not yet proved, of plans not yet matured, of results not yet concluded, and a country still to be saved. How often, on winter nights, Heaven's borealian light has been mistaken for some distant barn-yard conflagration; how long, on our winter nights, we were in doubt whether our light upon a hill was but a rubbish blaze, to go out with the blast, or the sun that was to pierce the cloud and light us to redemption. Never had great power been wielded with such utter absence of egotism and self-sufficiency. Almost every administration has been a paraphrase of monarchical reserve in its communication and intercourse with the people. Now, in a moment of the greatest peril, when trouble provoked and provided for the power of a despot, ABRAHAM LINCOLN used authority with the sympathy of a friend, confronting crime in an odd and artless way, that pursued it with the restlessness of a fiend and punished it with the gentleness of a father. With what concise and plaintive music in his annual messages and occasional addresses he chants the misereres of our struggle, a model of new and sympathizing eloquence in statesmanship.

How anxiously and readily he turns to any source, however irresponsible, for any clue, however insignificant, that may lead to peace. How earnestly, at Niagara Falls, he plunges into the foaming question with "whomsoever it may concern," as to the terms upon which he will snatch them from the boiling abyss. How eagerly he explores the windings of the James and Appomattox for the lost jewel, taking the risk of seeming undignified rather than unyielding. Willingly he holds the guilty hand in his grasp if there is the slightest hope the dove may perch there. Thus, step by step, year by year,

through trial, through contumely, ridicule, hatred, the scorn of a foreign and the target of a domestic foe, misapprehended even by friends, slowly, hopefully, certainly at last—the people see and the world acknowledges the great, good, peerless man that the convention of 1860 unwittingly stumbled upon. The calumniator is silenced, the battle is finished, the smoke lifts, and there stands our giant friend on the far height of our triumph, holding in one hand a captured South, and in the other the redeemed bondmen.

The grandest painting in all history, because proclaiming the grandest aim of all human effort, to baffle crime, which God abhors, and save freedom, which all men love.

Those who threw shells at this life now go trembling with flowers to his grave, calling on this departed spirit, this abused saviour, this Illinois ape, this tyrant, this hyena, to plead with that avenging “judgment,” for this mercy their last great crime robbed them of. Who will say that the man who achieved these great results had not greatness in its best sense? The moral greatness of fortitude and purity of character, the mental greatness of wisdom to see farther, and eloquence to express better the duties and the relations of the hour, than any citizen, officially or otherwise, which contemporary America could furnish. Does not this simplicity, this strength, this persevering earnestness, this hopeful, joyous, single-heartedness, this moral humility, this mental independence, this eloquence, too busy with the heart and the salvation of the hour to be subtle, ornate or elaborate, this cordial familiar miracle of work and humor, of faith and fear, of anxiety and energy, this eccentric dispenser of a most eccentric era, who will say that, with all his errors, his defects of insight and culture, this man was not miraculously meant to meet the precise exigencies of our

calamity? Who will say that these high, broad American characteristics are not just the needs, with a little more official experience, which make up the great comprehensive American necessities of our peculiar statesmanship?

ABRAHAM LINCOLN came into the world during the early part of this century. The compeer of Napoleon in power, he is also his cotemporary in birth. Though the same waters washed the jurisdiction of both, when born, how vast was the difference in their stations. Louis Napoleon was the favorite nephew of the mightiest conqueror of all ages. Born under the blaze of that eagle eye—announced to the world with glad salvos of artillery—rocked in the golden cradle of the luxurious Tuilleries, he knew nothing of the rude helplessness that struggled on the far frontier of unsettled America, amid rustic huts and howling wildernesses and Indian war whoops, whose cradle, if he had any, was rocked by the piercing blast that swept through the unsheltered domicile of an impoverished home. Behold now that dawning light beginning only with animal instincts and physical elements to aid its development. No gentle culture, no intellectual atmosphere, no chivalrous and traditional refinement to melt and mould its higher sentiment and deeper cravings. All those rules by which great men are systematically trained, by which Cicero and Fenelon, Fox and Burke, and our Webster, and even Clay, were unfolded and encouraged to advancing maturity, were denied him. Behold this granite will piercing these granite obstacles, through whose chinks gleam after gleam of helpful light is streaming until the stone crumbles, a broader flood descends, and the whole man, by self-culture and self-discipline, is lifted above the flatboat, above the rough right hand, into the higher brain, the loftier reach of legal knowledge,

political power, and general usefulness. Slowly, step by step, he nears the far-off prince, whose birth is so hopelessly above his own. The one becomes a needy adventurer, an exile; the other is still an obscure attorney, but a man of local influence, who in dignity and self-respect would esteem himself equal to a seedy prince. Again they diverge far apart—convulsions shake the chronic storm-ridden home of the prince; the outlaw becomes France's necessity. The Bourbon's airy diadem vanishes—at his touch the uncle's imperial brilliant sparkles on the dull brow that brooded for years over its loss. The prince is the great Emperor of France, and a law to Europe's crowned imbecility. The obscure attorney grows apace. He has become the people's representative. Fortune, too, begins to light upon his lofty patience. By times the god descends, and the people in their princely capacity, passing by all the great lights who thought themselves born and reared, and who talked and twisted into all shapes, and bent their ears low and often to hear the sweet majestic sound that should call them to the Presidency, the people passing them all by, this humble, honest, direct, genuine man is dropped into that chair where Washington sat, and for which Webster sighed. And now these rulers born at the extremes of society, in France and America, face each other as peers. The one lifted by cunning, by nerve, and the help of a great name, to wear through blood the imperial purple of a fickle people. The other, with the nobler arts of a noble nature, by wise service, by the advocacy of liberal sentiments, by abstinence from all sordid devices, comes up from the depths of the popular class to sway a vast empire, the equal of kings, with power and resources greater than France or England. Administering in peace the equal of several European kingdoms, and chastising with war a

territory commensurate with half a continent. It may be that a severe criticism would exact a more familiar intercourse with governmental action, a deeper and more comprehensive reach of intellectual culture in the administration of important political interests; but when we consider the sagacity with which our great political and military struggle has been conducted, the easy grace with which intelligence by degrees counteracted inexperience, the vast amount of talent summoned to its assistance, the overflowing resources and the varied implements now awkwardly, now effectively, adjusting themselves to meet and master the monster wrong; the perfect simplicity, integrity, and single-heartedness with which our lamented President's intercourse with the people has been signalized; how healthy his moral and personal tone has acted on the contest; with what perfect confidence his faith inspired our confidence; how familiarly and fatherly he has come down from the stilted formality of austere officiality to take our troubles by the hand; chucking them under the chin, and telling them to be of good cheer; mollifying the dangerous with appropriate and proper-turned touches of the humorous, using anecdotes as antidotes to keep human nature bland and cheerful under the constant pressure of the dreadful. This light-heartedness was not the levity of a frivolous indifference to grave duties, but a buoyancy born of a sanguine and genial enthusiasm, confiding in the success of the true and the good, and looking hopefully and gladly to pleasant results, through a consciousness of meaning and acting always for the interest of all.

No one suffered more intensely in these hours of doubt and gloom, when a triumph of the foe, on a battle-field or at the ballot-box, seemed to throw a momentary despair over the results of the contest. Here was a quiet citizen,

faithful to every civil emergency, whose pure and persevering life, gifted with a terse and peculiar eloquence, disposed him to advocate his political doctrines with quaint and emphatic earnestness; this fresh and fearless man is suddenly called from an average routine of useful and responsible duties, to administer the complex machinery of the highest and most difficult trust of modern times. Who will ever forget that awful fall of 1860, when, amid the golden beauty of autumnal foliage, and the still more golden splendor of national peace and national power, we harvested the dark November ballot? It fell, the last calm flow of a nation's will through bloodless channels. It fell, that ghastly Presidential suffrage, amid the secret shudderings of a foreboding, yet still faithful, hopeful, and peaceful Commonwealth. Bad men had promised to break up a good government if this good man succeeded to it. They had consented, voluntarily, to sit down and play the game, and when the LINCOLN ace turned up, attempted, like reckless blacklegs, to overthrow the table, and in the confusion snatch the stakes and enjoy the plunder.

Whence comes the philosophy of this dark suicide? Surely first in egotism. A people who hold another race in absolute subjection soon exaggerate their self-importance and believe all races their inferior. Because they could flog one people at will, they thought they had only to tie the North up by the heels and bring it to any terms. Northern Democrats could have no feeling of patriotism for their section when such august allies demanded submission. The next cause of their ruin was ignorance. Where was their arithmetic when South Carolina seceded? Who told them that one was greater than two; that the vast resources of the North would tremble before a Palmetto leaf; that the mud-sills could drive a bargain, but

not an enemy; the shop-keeping crew might charge prices, but not batteries or bayonets? Had they forgotten or never read Revolutionary History? Was not the deep love of country drunk in with our mother's milk, now tenaciously upheld with the red flow of our ready blood? Would the children of Warren and Putnam, of Schuyler and Greene, see this heritage swept away by the Davises and Lees of a more dastardly age?


Let those who are so proud of a separate South remember who gave them a South to be proud of. Who, when Marion was vanquished and Sumter and Lincoln swept from the contest, sent down our Greene and our hardy Northern help to lift their chain and restore their freedom and their fellowship with States; never for an hour knowing a country or a home distinct from the stronger and more protecting North. Thus they drifted on this frantic fraternity, with no light but phrensy and whiskey, to their dark doom.

Public opinion was confused and bewildered by the senseless howl of State Sovereignty from this State bought for \$17,500 by a company of English merchants. Look at the grievances alleged by the declaration of the South Carolina Convention. The North had all the ships and commerce, that was the crime of competition committed by their hard hands and honest labor. The North forced upon them a high tariff, and yet it was this South Carolina that insisted on a high tariff on cotton when we imported instead of exported that belligerent little fabric. The South had to help pay the \$200,000 a year for fishing bounties to our seamen who sailed with their cotton and defended it on the high seas, while the North was paying their greater share of the million and a half of dollars it cost to carry the Southern mail, above its earnings. The North, in one or two States, refused to execute the Fugi-

tive Slave Law, that is those States claimed the South Carolina privilege of nullifying an obnoxious Federal law, which the Federal Government faithfully fulfilled. These were the senseless arguments why the government of our fathers should be destroyed, why the whole fabric of organized society should be startled and loosened, why the nation should shake with the tramp of hostile brothers, why graves should be opened, homes desolated, and hearts broken. Why ABRAHAM LINCOLN, an angel in feeling, and a Democrat in action, should be called by the Southern press and the Southern rulers a tyrant, a baboon, an ape, a lord over hyenas, and the sure prey of those giant reformers who were so skilfully and surely tracking him to his lair.

On the 4th of March, 1861, ABRAHAM LINCOLN swore to stand by the charter. He walked from the ballot-box to the inaugural over broken oaths and dissolving States. Under a Scotch cap he drifted by a threatening mob to find himself in the presence of a confounded people and a paralyzed government. Every aid was needed and no one could be trusted. Like the air, secession had insinuated itself into every crevice of public employment. Army and navy officers were resigning, and carrying off both experience and material. Clerks entrusted with the most important State secrets were sending them to the enemy, and if displaced the new might be equally as culpable. All enterprises were at a stand-still. Blood seemed the only business likely to thrive. Every one looked to him who had been accused of all this to remedy all this. There he stood, calm and anxious. A quiet man, who had come to perform a plain task, to execute laws which no one before had ever questioned, to satisfy the voters who had sent him there, and then leave it all as sacredly and securely safe, the rights of each and every

section as he found them. Yet the storm howled on around this novice in statesmanship and in crime. More inroads on the holy temple, more whirling away of States, more faithful citizens renouncing their fidelity to a common mother. The contest deepens. Brothers are sharpening for their brother's blood. Statesmen who could easily solve ordinary questions, shake their heads at the shaking fabric. Public sentiment is divided as to the powers of a government founded on sentiment. Can you punish the author and the owner for what they do with their own? Has not a Sovereign a right to its sovereignty? Thus was a nation bewildered, staggered, lowered, and drunk with the sophistry of Southern phrases, until one day a lunatic in Montgomery telegraphed to another demented to fire on that sacred bunting. The ball comes on and knocks the film from our drowsy Northern eyes, lifts the clouds that had obscured our self-defence, and we rise to the height of both our danger and our duty. Before Sumter all was party. Not the nation, but how should the Republicans act. Would concessions be consistent with the rights and results of a party victory? How dare defeat bully us? Sumter's ball hurled ABRAHAM LINCOLN from the Chicago Platform to the Springfield Armory. It made every American citizen an office-seeker, asking a place for his country among the nations; asking for his own plundered citizenship; every man was a government contractor that day, pleading for the Great Contract. Now ABRAHAM LINCOLN is himself; now he puts on his official pea-jacket, goes on the national deck, and grasps the helm with that dauntless vigor which God and his Western life had given him. This bullet of Sumter relieves him of all that civil diffidence to which an unpractised prominence is prone and which even paralyzed the experience that preceded him. With more necessity



of blood comes more desertion of States. All who stand by the stability of national power need this crumbling away of the yielding, unreliable material which might impede or fraternize indifferently with the supreme exigency; and now the question is, Who shall awake and lead the military element. All our hope of glory and soldierly experience is centered in one tottering, fading, faithful giant. Scott of the past must be succeeded by some younger Scott. With a childish enthusiasm the people adopt and exult over an unknown youth, modest and cultivated. With the generosity of unaccustomed war they gorge this untried hero with powder, and ball, and men, and confidence, and every implement of success, that could make merit succeed and the lack of it snarl and fall.

Through all that period of criminal caution and incompetency, how nobly the faithful President stood by him whom an intelligent impatience was demanding to be removed. How anxiously his kind nature sustained this wooden hero, and urged him from splendid retreat to splendid retreat, to prove himself at last all this hopeful people hoped of him. With what eager pertinacity his disappointment turned from chief to chief, searching under every repulse for the true leader; poring over that bloody volume of the War Directory to find the name and residence of him who was to lead this nation to victory and unity.

During the first two years of the war, our greatest general was our general greatness. Alternately checked and chasing the elastic foe on innumerable battle-fields, yet still advancing, at last from fire-vomiting impediments, wide-spread toil and slaughter, are evolved in smoke and blood, as the genii by the sea rose out of storm and mist, so rose our Grant, Sherman, and Farragut, to lead back

through fields of ceaseless triumph the reeling, staggering spirit of Union and Liberty. These are the names that make our cause strong, and would make any cause dangerous. We know, too, whose clear eye first discovered their merits, and whose hand signed the instruments that sent them forth to hew away all obstacles that stopped *E pluribus unum's* path from the Lakes to the Gulf.

This unknown man, a stranger to office and statesmanship, to public praise or public blame, without great genius or great experience, or great fame, acquired or traditional, to gild error or confirm merit; with a name to make, an oath to keep, a people to save, a crime to punish, the volcano heaving under his feet, the oath warning him over his head, the dagger at his breast, an empire in his hands, backed by a divided North, defied by a seemingly united South, his obscure and spotless name at once the synonym of England's sneer and Richmond's curse; with only a pure heart, a clear eye and a steady hand to lay without flinching on the most dangerous crisis, the most doubtful issues, the most perplexing duties, the most daring and defiant, the most well-bred, well-considered, comprehensive, cultivated, hell-engendered plot that ever dashed its bloody hand and icy heart against the elements of law and order. He found himself heir to a statesmanship confused, shuffling and pusillanimous, occupied only with the question as to how we should permit our institutions to be murdered most gracefully, and he left its public policy candid, earnest, self-sustaining, engaged only with the question how the attempted murderers could be treated most mercifully. He found American nationality suddenly confronting him as a disgraceful doubt; he parted with it a terribly-respected fact. He found the government a dissolving giant, dying of an old cancer that had baffled the best

physicians; he lived to cut out the poison with his sword, and left his well-knit, well-mannered, vigorous, compact patient a perpetual and healthful mourner at his grave. Sorely in need of force to meet the arming crime, he found our little navy had been sent yachting in the Indian and Pacific Seas, that treason might cruise more seriously along the streams of our progress. He lived to fill the world with our swarming ships, original in design, invincible in defence, terrible in destruction, able to defend one continent and defy another. He came into possession of 15,000 regular soldiers, scattered over as many miles, and 1,000,000 of men by him equipped reversed their arms on his funeral march. He found the people quailing under a debt of eighty millions and fearing the weight of it must bar the door to national salvation; he left them with their country redeemed, their resources more developed, their trade increased, and a mountain of three thousand millions of debt scaled at all points for investment, without officially calling on a single foreign dollar to help us purchase our domestic safety. He found the public feeling and the sense of citizenship demoralized, the tone of political responsibility lowered, the suffrage a mere vehicle for partisan aggrandizement, the love of country at the mercy of a State Rights dogma, a party tie, a demagogue's breath; national obligations confused and evaporating in a narrow local selfishness that would part with an empire to save a hobby, that would not give up a prejudice to keep up the wisest and most beneficent systems ever sworn to by man. He lived to see the sun dawn on a united people purified by suffering; their sense of danger elevating their sense of duty and unity. By personal example of earnest, disinterested public service, by patience, courage and faith in all well-doing, more than by sermon, homily or proclamation, did this good chieftain

mould the better life of the nation and preserve it from false prophets and false issues; keeping it in the steady line of calm and inflexible determination to pass through its perils, to accept its sacrifices, to live up to its duties, and so save all that heroism had acquired and freedom and virtue sanctified. He accomplished all this, not without, perhaps, many errors of inexperience and defects of judgment; not without sometimes ringing the little bell a little too often, or drawing the bolt a little too soon; sometimes overworking the war power, in which fewer mistakes could hardly have been made with so many crimes to lock up and use up; the people preferring the occasional despotism of mistakes to the permanent despotism of crimes—preferring an incompetent man, sometimes inadvertently kept in office, to an absurd cause enthroned forever. He passed through this storm of war, this criticism of civil duty, these murmurs of complaint, these periods of panic, to victory and immortality, not without much help from heaven, many friends, brilliant aids and immense resources. He saw a foreign oligarchy envious and malignant, banded to write down and wear down the purest and most powerful type of modern republicanism; he saw a home opposition, reckless, wanton and depraved, showering his most righteous acts with defiant slanders and cruel perversions in a crisis entitled to magnanimity and a generous forbearance; he saw this dastardly tribe brought down, humbled and helpless, before the simple efforts of persistent and well-directed achievements; he saw the South that had exhausted upon him every epithet and every feeling of hatred and calumny, who had taught their slaves to ridicule him, their children to loathe and lisp the alphabet of never-ending scorn and bitterness, he saw this South staggering and dying under his incessant blows, lifting its fainting head to deny and to regret a

death which might uncomfortably precipitate them from the chastisement of principle to the chastisement of revenge.

To all these merits of energy, patience, probity, sagacity, eloquence, and aptitude for organization and execution, which distinguished the great emancipator, must now be added the melancholy merit of national martyrdom. As in his life his achievements render his rule the most important and conspicuous Presidential career since Washington's, so in his death he stands alone as the first public character violently swept from the sphere of its usefulness; a great guardian stricken down from the side of a great truth, just as it was passing from the perils of war to the exigencies of peace. Will not emancipation—this infant, born in the hail of blood-blinding war—will it not miss that relaxed hand, that stilled voice, as the orphan totters through opposing ranks to rank and power?

ABRAHAM LINCOLN fell on the very day the old flag came down on Sumter; when we stood on that ruin which was yet more the ruin of the South; but not till his soul had gone up with the flag; not until the pertinacity of the North had waved a mended principle over a broken fortress. And now, with this loved one vanished, this Union saved, this sad Southern people prostrate, this peace perched on every surly battlement of rebellion, will the South pass thus sullenly from the eminence of defiance to the extreme of apathy and indifference?

Why is it that in all these conquered districts we hear so much of the people's love of the Union, and no attempt to work up this Union feeling into State organization and national co-operation? All ready to cringe to power, to forswear the past, ready to take rations, take oaths, take office, take anything to save property and avoid the last ditch. Where is all that manhood which braved

death, defied the world, and staked everything for Jeff? That rebelled, robbed, lied, slaughtered, hung, and burned for the right to break up, and will do nothing to make up, that involves reason, thought, loyalty, and earnest political brotherhood?

Come back, oh deluded and defeated South. Come back in feeling as you are already back by compulsion. Those who won you with their superior sword would hold you by the equal charter. For blows and curses, for hard names and light fingers, for ruin diverted from abroad and baffled at home, for all but the leadership in your hellish crimes, we offer just laws, equal rights, and a common share in that loving government only made more immortal by warding off the death-blow you would have dealt it.

With all the desolation of your fields and homes, you have lost nothing permanently but a traitorous crew and a poisonous creed; nothing which industry will not repair and patriotism secure. Remember, slavery was never in danger until you lost your senses; remember, too, that it never can be restored until we lose ours. The same talent and energy employed in the arts of peace that you have exhibited in war, the same toil with your white hands, the same endurance of fatigue and hardships, of hunger and danger, through desperate encounters and dreary marches which made you the slaves of slavery, by peaceful free labor, will restore you to a nobler and more abundant prosperity than was ever wrung from the toil of others. You can hire the negro's freedom cheaper than you can buy his servitude. The interest on his slave value will almost pay his free wages, while his own interest in the rights of men will increase the energy with which he develops your wealth. Free labor alone has conquered you. It invites emigration, it develops and then accumu-

lates resources too vastly and too quickly for slavery to compete with. The negro, as slave, failed to keep off war or to keep up war for your advantage; now try if the negro as freeman, may not prolong peace and so insure harmony, unity, and a less sensitive form of progress and prosperity. Will you forget that you must arouse, organize, and recover your lost civil status? As war has thrashed out of you the beaten and demolished theory that a State may defy and destroy a nation, why not heartily and permanently shape the State law and conform every local obligation and every moral and political sentiment to the spirit of national duty; co-operating in cheerful concurrence with the great Federal amendment, so that never directly or by implication shall any clause be so doubtful in the constitution as to tempt the traitor or wean the patriot from fealty to the supreme law of the Union, and thus divert misery and ruin from yourself and your children to the latest generation?

Will not this Southern people call conventions, appoint elections, send delegates back voluntarily to that Congress they voluntarily spurned, and thus, in the good American way, by argument, by peaceful investigation and hopeful reference to representative and judicial adjudication, submit their rights and wants, under a returning submission and sense of duty, to those who in their better days decided wisely and well for us all; or else, in stubbornness and anger, remain under this military post-garrison form of pupilage, or go forth wanderers to people some more Southern solitude; or, like the Arab or the gipsy, intrude on luckier races branded with the marks of unrespected martyrdom? Laws, habits, language, feeling, kindred, make us one people. Love and trade, as well as mountains and rivers, matrimony, as well as geography, have made us one people. You cannot form two nations of a

community with a Yankee aunt and grandmother hanging up reverently in every Southern parlor, with a Southern sister or grandfather piously packed away in every Northern home. Is the Southern pride wounded by defeat? The very exertions that have been vanquished have made them famous, and by the industry of the effort prepared them for that free labor which they could not avoid. If they have lost their slaves they have gained themselves—gained knowledge, gained self-reliance, and a surer and quicker development. Admitting that the whole value of the slaves was one thousand millions of dollars, which they have lost, yet it is not one-half the sum the North has had to pay to maintain the Government. Are they desolate and impoverished? Not more so than any desperate speculator who embarks his all in some such wild-cat bank and fails. If they *will* invest in damnation, they must expect their profits to be hell. If the negro proves himself worthy of free labor it will ensure to Southern ambition more political power by enlarging the Southern constituency; it will make Southern lands more valuable by increasing their productiveness; and with the generous tender of Northern capital, this Southern community must rapidly recover from its depletion.

And now, soldiers! sons of our North! saviours of our nation! your days of danger and strife are drawing to a close. No heroes of the world tread more enviable heights of fame. Your bayonets have been gleaming spires over that holy church of liberty in which your fathers and your brothers worshipped.

Through all your marches you have never forgotten that you were citizens as well as soldiers; that you were moving at no unrighteous conqueror's beck. Amid all the storm of battle, on picket, through the drill, or by the camp fire, the spirit of your Government was simply call-

ing upon you to perfect your own citizenship. No cannon could drown that voice—no raid capture the resolution to obey it.

The glory of your deeds will remain with you through life; it will influence your character and insure you respect. The sight of that old flag, when it flits between your cares and your dreams and waves over some civil duty abandoned on holidays or festivals, you will think how you followed it as it streamed on fields of fire. How the nation reeled or righted as you shrunk from or breast-ed the guilty lines that confronted it.

And as your eyes gleam with exultation over the dangers you escaped, and the rights you snatched from the traitors' grasp, you will mingle your glad refrain with loved memories of that great and good chief who first called you into service, equipped you for battle, and with a father's care and a monarch's power, followed you with cheering words through every contest, until the bullet that spared you laid low his life, fresh from the freedom of one race and the safety of another.

ADDRESS

ON THE

DEATH OF EDWARD EVERETT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND.



SOLDIERS! You who have mowed down so many lives, to whom graves are as familiar as wounds, there is one death that must move you. The lips that have so often plead for your comfort and your glory cannot moulder without a tear or a memory for such a man.

EDWARD EVERETT IS DEAD! What a startling announcement to a people who, for so many years, have shaped their ears and hopes to his graceful teachings. In a dark hour, when the precious metals are so high and scarce, the loss of that silver tongue is indeed a calamity. Where shall the anniversary oration, the holiday festival, the complimentary banquet, the political crisis, and, above all, this righteous conflict, look for so finished, so experienced, and so animated a mouth-piece?

Edward Everett was not an orator in its highest sense. I will not say he was not profound. It is not the business of oratory to be profound in anything but feeling, nor to be original in anything but statement and illustration. Orators are the medium through which the thoughts of

great men and the duty of great achievements are explained and conveyed to the masses. Their business is to inspire men with the love of country, of virtue, of justice, and of beauty in thought and action, and this can only be accomplished by employing the clearest, simplest, and most intelligible forms of thought and expression. Edward Everett was not what we delight to call a born orator, overflowing and spontaneous, like Patrick Henry or Henry Clay. He had not the bold and massive amplitude of Webster, nor the rich and vigorous comprehensiveness of Burke; neither could he compare with Choate in real earnestness, in familiar candor of manner, and that gushing sympathetic sweetness of style, on whose golden stream swam the whole structure of thought, learning, taste, fancy, and logic, which the heart or brain of the orator could conceive or convey. Everett never for a moment forgot Everett. All that he said or wrote was finished, scholarly, intelligent, and informing. It added to our knowledge and corrected our taste, but neither stirred our blood nor won our heart. Yet he was artist enough to use in his orations the materials that inspire sympathy, and he no doubt was man enough to feel them; but he lacked that indescribable something which succeeds in conveying to others the highest efforts of self-forgetting, soul-inspiring power.

His oration on the inauguration of the Dudley Observatory is a serene master-piece of starry oratory. The subject was peculiarly adapted to his character of eloquence. It had no immediate connection with the passions or persons of the hour. It required some knowledge of astronomy, fine moral sensibility, an appreciation of abstract beauty, and an artistic power of grouping the grand and the distant into forms which mysteriously link them to our pursuit of happiness and duty. The celebrated oration

on Washington, delivered in aid of the purchase of the home of Washington, received, and indeed deserved, all the merit awarded to it.

No orator in our age, or any other age, ever produced such substantial pecuniary results for the benefit of so endearing and sacred a cause. Yet, as a great mental effort, it cannot rank with the ablest productions of the times, nor even is it equal to some of his own less ambitious and less carefully prepared addresses.

At Gettysburg there came forth the whole soul of the orator and the man, to bind up, in undying words, the deathless deeds of the martyred band that lay crumbling beneath his inspiration. And is there a field whose language could paint achievement more vividly than on the very spot of its performance? His feet were soaking in the still undried blood of the battle; his lungs were inhaling the yet lingering smoke of a thousand cannon; his eyes gazed on the trodden grass, the ruined harvest, the crushed homes, the unburied dead, the ghastly, widespread desolation, invoked by the murderous rush of those angry billows of men that flowed and surged and bore each other down, that they might save or blast the hopes of republican liberty. And there was that calm man of speech, succeeding that angry clash of arms, the deserted implements of destruction all around him, and out of the havoc of their expired ferocity comes the sweet soft tone of a power and a patriotism as strong and determined, and yet more peaceful and beautiful in its teachings than the glorious blaze of vanished but conquering heroes.

Yet Mr. Everett will stand higher with posterity as a publicist than an orator. During his long participation in political life, as Senator in Congress, Secretary of State, and Minister to England, his numerous state papers and diplomatic correspondence were invaluable contributions

to the political knowledge of the country. Few statesmen have exhibited more skilful aptitude for diplomacy, or a more accurate knowledge and nicer skill in dealing with the questions affecting our domestic and international relations. We never read an address or a communication from Mr. Everett, on whatever may be the most engrossing subject of public interest at the moment, that we do not gain some new fact, or argument, some new light, to guide and determine our judgment, after other leading men have exhausted their knowledge of it. His Fourth of July Address, in 1861, on the causes and consequences of the rebellion, contains more facts in relation to that event, and more arguments against it, than all the rest of the public speeches on the same subject since.

Mr. Everett's pride was in his oratory, but his real strength lay in his true knowledge of public affairs; in his faculty for industriously collating and impartially commenting on political questions.

His was not a character of commanding, initiative energy, that, fortified by will, and impelled by bold moral passions, founds sects, leads parties, and revolutionizes creeds. It was a balancing, delicate, yet interested and enterprising nature, that pursues and perceives, but satisfies itself rather with commenting than controlling, and so dies without a follower or an enemy; sure of some imitators and millions of admirers. His high American tone, his unswerving integrity of conduct and purpose, his intense national feeling and service, insure, while others take the chair, he will take the niche. No general in the field has worked harder for the Union than the peaceful, unarmed EDWARD EVERETT. He filled armies if he did not command them. His tongue has been the best tax-gatherer in the nation. First it raised thousands to purchase the tomb of Washington; then, chanting a sterner and loftier

strain, it raised thousands more to save the work of Washington.

This is the man, the man of culture and caution, too wise to love error and too timid to reform it, whom the temporizers of 1860 tied to their Vice-Presidential ticket. A ticket that went to battle with an empty musket; that in a great moral and political crisis had no creed, a ticket which clung to the past because it was experience; shrunk from the future, because it was experiment; and paralyzed the present by vivifying it with neither the dream of the philanthropist nor the daring advances of the slaveholder. It was a pitiable sight to see this weak-kneed coterie attempting to attain power by dodging the radical storm that raged between the White House and the ballot-box.

Yet the banner of equivocation waved over a wider field than the genuine issues. While the Lincoln vote was stopped at the Blue Ridge and the Mississippi; while the Breckenridge ticket swooned and froze under the cold blasts of the Republican North, the name of Bell and Everett, warranted to keep in any climate, rustling alike over prairie, cane-brake and cotton-plant, fanned the heated South with the motto of conservatism into a delusive temporary equanimity. The civil contest concluded, the conservative wrong is swept away by the radical right. The Southern votes for Everett of peace harden into steel against the Everett of war. The Scholar Politician, trembling and trimming rather to save a people than yield a place, buries his compromises in the masonry of Fort Sumter. Out of that smoke by the sea the giant rises; stretching his sceptre of speech over the vast commotion, he calls millions to redeem the threatened nation. Like white sugar, his oratory needed blood to turn it. For four years that voice has been loyal, radical and defiant, the trimmer swallowed up in the exterminator, the iron coming

to the rescue of the silver in his nature. Edward Everett was not permitted to die until all doubts of his greatness were removed. He who had spent his life in finding arguments to keep down the negro in order to save the white man, at last could speak the word that makes the slave's freedom the safety of both races.

His coffin sinks between the Proclamation and the Amendment. Yet so near to the amendment that the falling fetters of the slave drop close enough to join with their music the requiem of his departure.

SOLDIERS! he was your best living unbraided example of loyalty, bravery, and industrious perseverance in battling for the right. Scholar, statesman, and politician, aspiring for honors, office, or power; here is one who held them all not by cunning fraud, selfishness, or corruption, but advanced and adorned them all, official power with moral power—the chair of state with the chair of learning, popularity with duty, the caprices of multitudes with the steadiness of pure aims and industrious habits. Follow his example, and you may go to your grave smothered in his flowers, ringing with his plaudits. Forget him, prefer cunning to candor, treason to patriotism, pursue the opposite road to fame, and I care not how high you soar, Arnold, Burr and Davis will be the dark trinity to whose degraded eminence posterity will commit your worthless immortality.

LETTER

ADDRESSED TO

PRESIDENT LINCOLN,

AT THE REQUEST OF THE

WORKINGMEN'S ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK.



[THE Workingmen's Association of this city some days since passed a resolution requesting DAVID S. CODDINGTON, Esq., to address President LINCOLN a congratulatory letter in their behalf upon his inauguration and the progress of events. Mr. CODDINGTON complied with their request in the following production :]

“NEW YORK, *March* 4, 1865.

“ABRAHAM LINCOLN :

“I am deputed by the Workingmen's Association of this city to congratulate you, the hardest worker of them all, upon the noble work which, through you, free labor is achieving for free government. To-day your new administration steps into the circle of nations with a new America. The obligations of the past are dissolved. Reluctance to disturb an especial institution has been

summarily cured by the awful vigor with which that institution has shaken and disturbed us. That branch of State rights which gives a State the right to destroy the nation has been confiscated by the nation. Violated democracy secures its safety and revenges its wrongs by withdrawing the right to degrade labor.

“To-day at twelve o'clock you will again lay your winning hand on that Inaugural Bible, once moist with the warm, pure kiss of Washington. For thirty years your predecessors' Presidential lives have expired with their first term. How is it that you, reeking with conflict, and gory with recreant blood, march to your second oath with a conqueror's strength and a saviour's applause? How is it that you, who have exhausted more treasure, encouraged more taxes, hurled more thunder, and filled more graves than all the combined Presidents since the constitution, than all the heroes and statesmen preceding the constitution, than any conqueror who has founded or distracted American empire, from Fernando Cortez to the German emigrant who struts under the pilfered crown of Mexico;—how is it, with the *habeas corpus* suspended, Fort Lafayette in good working order, and errors committed, both political and military, you go to the Capitol to-day riddled with flowers instead of bayonets; armed only with a Bible and flag, swept there by no force but the overwhelming flood of warm and willing votes? If to preserve the principles of Washington you have been obliged to destroy life with the prodigality of Napoleon, a discriminating people have consigned you to no rock but the solid constancy of the national approbation. They believe that if you have stretched power, it was to preserve power; if you are spilling your brother's blood, it is to save your father's work. They know that the ferocity and discord of a few years means the humanity and har-

mony of centuries. They see the yoke of a guiltless race falling into the grave of a guilty South, and they cry amen to a deed that punishes the rebel's broken oath with the negro's broken chain. Abstract virtue might exact a less selfish emancipation. But when we remember the trials of a people tied up with inherited evils, the struggle and the deliverance are not unworthy of us.

"Some wise people think that to spare slavery now is to stop war. But as slavery was safely spared when it began war, what hope is there that a government which was defied when its debt was only eighty millions of dollars, will not be attacked when it is oppressed with a debt of two or three thousand millions of dollars? The debt alone must destroy slavery, or slavery will crush us with debt. Bring them back without emancipation and this is their argument: 'We hate you as ever, because you hate slavery, because you are richer than us, and more than ever now because you have beaten us. We ground our arms because you are too many for us—that is no disgrace. You have grounded your principles to save more debt—that is contemptible. You have spent three thousand millions of dollars, endured great suffering, and here we are with our old hate and our old institution back again, ready, if you begin to cant and talk anti-slavery again, to fight you again, with a better chance next time, when you are staggering towards bankruptcy.'

"'Oh, but slavery is dead,' says the opposition. This time the tomb is a dodge to get into the temple. If the war should run off every slave but two, and the South should come back with only Pompey and Dinah, they would in time breed back the real slave population, breed back the old brood of fire-eaters, conspirators, and armed enemies, and, with the help of Vallandigham & Co. here, and of Laird & Co.'s English neutrality abroad, who

doubts their ability for increased mischief? Those who cry ruin if we don't spare slavery, cried ruin if we re-elected you; cried ruin if you superseded McClellan; cried ruin if we resisted traitors. It is the favorite cry against those who differ with us. In 1824, Webster cried ruin if a high tariff was passed. In 1842, he cried ruin if it was defeated. Clay told the world that the Sub-Treasury was the knell of finance, and when a boy, I heard a distinguished publicist call Jackson a scoundrel, who should be shot; and I heard the same person very lately speak of him as all that was great and good. Without abolition, what do we gain by blood sacrifice? Not population or territory, for we fight no foreign foe; not colonies, or dependencies, for we bring back only our equals. It is nothing to punish unless we remove the cause of punishment. Is the great commotion to produce only railroads torn up and store-houses burned down? Is that in the 7-30 and 10-40 contracts? No, sir. The workingmen of this nation expect to work out of this war with the dignity of work fully established. As a skilful pianist only brings out the full tones of his instrument in touching all the keys, both black and white, so shall you in using all the forces of free labor draw out the grand harmonies of our national march.

“Four years ago you were dodging assassins on your way to empire. To-day your safe conduct is written with the blood that oozes from a dying heresy. Four years ago you only rode to the capital through a gap in the democratic party; to-day you are there in spite of the union of all the elements that threatened the Union. In that anxious November contest how we held our breath for fear some other breath of popular caprice might waft some weaker hand to grasp the difficulty, might lift some lesser light to chase this southern darkness from our land.

The delicate and important point in that canvass was, how to elect you without spoiling you ; how to trust your future without sanctioning all your past. Popularity so often exaggerates self-importance, that self-discipline sometimes relapses into self-sufficiency. Heavy minorities are the healthiest monitors of successful candidates for power. Rulers will measure their duties by the distance between the possession of office and the possibility of its loss. In perilous times, while wielding immense resources, the temptation to play the despot is always strong. It is so simple, so direct and so effective. In proportion as powerful elements are excited are we stimulated to use power in grappling with them. But in the last Presidential contest the issues were so wide apart, the alternative so distinct and peremptory, whether we would surrender to a crime or get along with a few faults, many virtues and much experience, that whatever fear the people felt of demoralizing you with an extravagant approval, was lost in the pride of overwhelmingly extinguishing the degrading ticket that confronted you.

“The people of this country are ever a hopeful people—hopeful of victories in battle, hopeful of reform in rulers. They do not believe that you will misconstrue your triumph, although you go back to the chair almost with the strength of a constitutional amendment.

“You may have shaped the first for this second coming—your future rule can only prepare itself for a grateful immortality. Your election in 1860 was a political commonplace ; the old story of ‘available candidate’ and a party victory, born of Greeley’s tactics and Buchanan’s blunders. The North, too humane to love slavery, and too constitutional to disturb it, meant no mischief until the mischief-mongers of the South taught us how to beat them at their own business. No doubt the instincts of

the nation would have gravitated in time to where war has hurried it. All great reforms have been precipitated by the crimes or the weaknesses of individuals. The imbecility of King John gave England Magna Charta a hundred years before the intelligence of the age could have wrung it from the average energy of barbaric power. *Habeas corpus* was hastened by Charles the Second's love of women being more ardent than his love of authority. Common prudence in Lord North and his compeers might have adjourned the Declaration of Independence until this very hour that we have so powerfully proved our right to it. The ball fired at our government has brought down nothing but the institution which most embarrassed it. The South thought the North was playing billiards with the election of 1860. Cushioning on the Territories to carom on the States; in pushing their cues too vigorously they have only pocketed themselves.

"No man ever assumed power so disadvantageously as yourself. Some Western lawsuits, a few stump speeches, and one unexciting Congressional term sums up the experience that was to administer a calamity fifty years brewing. Yet directness of purpose and vigor of understanding have relieved us from the sad anarchy promised by the experienced imbecility that preceded you. You left home with a confused impression that something was wrong, but that it must all work right. Fond of a joke yourself, it might be possible they were only helping you to a new anecdote. A government so innocent could not be the victim of such guilt. You brought an honest heart to a deceitful era. You possessed neither the perceptions nor the wickedness to see the awful depth of the malignity that lay at the base of your election. When you stepped upon the deck, what wild disorder pervaded the ship of state? There lay the old pilot swooning at the

helm, drugged with Southern opiates. There lay the constitution torn in pieces by the wrestlings of its defenders. The very freedom of the system embarrassing all freedom of action, no pretext to justify wrong, no precedent to need it. How shall authority be exercised against the authors of all authority? With a bewildered look you gazed on the ghastly gift of November, in doubt whether you came to Washington to attend a funeral or execute a contract. Office-seekers begging for office, patriots asking for a country; the rebel commissioners knocking for admission—not for the halter they had earned—but for their share of the ruins they had made; not ambassadors, but grave-diggers came for the body, prepared to bury American liberty under the dust of their rubbish platitudes. We all have our theories how they ought to have been treated, how much wiser our little wisdom could have managed the war. Ministers of great emergencies escape not great calumnies. Censure now, immortality hereafter. Washington shot in effigy by one State, moved to be impeached by another, the descendants of both contending for his autograph. If Jackson regretted at his death-bed that he had not hung Calhoun, no such sorrow can shade the dying hour of Abraham Lincoln. The shot he has poured into Calhoun's successors will rattle along the centuries for many eras of American history, to which saddest and profoundest calamity of that history he is indissolubly linked. If Jackson immortalized himself by rocking to sleep the infant disunion, what must be his fame who shall forever hush the full-grown demon?

“If George Washington challenges the glory of the world for lifting up one race, what renown awaits him who redeems two? Saratoga and Yorktown snapped the Americo-Saxon chain, but Grant's gripe chokes the wrongs of two races; Sherman's march guards the progress of the

fallen as well as the favored color. The South, which loses its temper in proportion as it loses its territories, attempts to stamp on the leader in all these reforms the degrading epithets of 'tyrant,' 'buffoon,' 'Illinois ape.' Unfortunately for them, unlike the African ape, his anger does not throw down at random luscious cocoanuts. The fruit are better aimed, and bear blood instead of milk.

"The contest, though unfinished, is no longer uncertain. Calhoun's grave is in our possession. His theory is under the feet of our armed heroes. What peace shall parole the captured doctrine? As workingmen respectfully but manfully addressing the master-worker, this Association bid you God speed.

"DAVID S. CODDINGTON,

"On behalf of the Workingmen's Democratic-Republican Association of New York."

SPEECH

BEFORE THE

15TH WARD FREE SOIL LEAGUE,

NOVEMBER, 1848.



I MIGHT be tempted to apologize for the presumption which brings either the person or the sentiment of so obscure an individual as myself before this assemblage, was I not persuaded that my audacity, like our prosperity, is the natural result of those intimate relations which the humblest of us bear towards the government of the country. When wise statesmen, in grave council, place the disposal of great questions and the selection of great officers at the mercy of the boy of twenty-one, equally with the veteran of sixty; when the state in adopting us, as a necessity teaches us to be proud, by permitting us to decide; when it gives importance to insignificance, by associating the ignorant and the inexperienced in a community of privileges with learning and intelligence, I own the pride of ultimate power reassures my diffident mediocrity and encourages me, however humble, to claim of you that indulgence in the discussion of important principles which the law has so solemnly granted me with others in determining. For, be it remembered that the

power which places a ballot in our hands is but the recognition of that higher power which placed a voice in our mouths, and that the security and efficacy of the one depends much upon the truth, the freedom, and the energy with which we exercise the other. It is a condition of liberty that society shall be burthened in proportion as it is favored, that the decree of the fall shall accompany our rise; that man must toil for his freedom as he does for his bread; that every immunity is the parent of a responsibility, and that increased duties are but incidental to multiplied rights. It is the purport of these duties to elevate our morals to the level of our fortunes, to render natures equally as corrupt as the rest of the race worthy to enjoy institutions far superior, and by making each man's politics the guardian of his personal interests, not only to preserve but justify the principle that exacts them. For what is this liberty of which we boast so much but a presumptuous paradox, until, by discipline and self-sacrifice, by that magnanimity which will not abuse power, and that fortitude which, in the moment of peril, can sustain it, by ceaseless vigilance and approved sagacity, it has worked its way to the dignity of a truth and the certainty of a blessing? What right have we to rebel against the world's law, who appropriate to ourselves the world's goods, unless we sanctify that rebellion by obedience to a holier creed? By what authority do we build the free-man's privileges upon the Christian's precepts if this sovereign discretion is to become an instrument of immorality—if this hard-earned, dearly-prized, never to be excelled acquisition is, after all, only a new way to perpetuate old vices, only a wider path in the same journey of national aggression, beginning in the pertinacity which adheres to past perfidy and ending in the extension of inherited pollution over tortiously acquired possessions? These are

questions, fellow citizens, which it were well for us had they never to be asked of a people who are living upon the fruits of their virtues; of a people whose land is covered with the bounty, and whose history is filled with the glory of considerate ancestors: questions which Southern recklessness and Southern selfishness have forced upon us, and which nothing but Northern rectitude and Northern prudence can determine.

For the first time in the history of popular elections we join issue upon the public morality. For the first time in the history of party conflicts we present the singular spectacle of a nation most divided upon what best preserves it. How melancholy is the reflection, that in a country settled by Christians, and guarded by patriots, it should be necessary to organize a separate party for the rescue of a single virtue; to lay down our old issues, to abandon old friends, to forego the predilections of habitual association, and hasten to the relief of a tottering principle, which, if it falls, must carry with it whatever is valuable in opinions, whatever is attractive in friendship, or tenacious in customs: that for placing ourselves upon the bark of the Wilmot Proviso, the only party which has dared to meet the elements of political intolerance, in order to save the justice of the state, we should be denied a landing in face of an harbor, denied an existence in spite of the power with which we held our reproach, threatened with the vengeance of one party, and assured of the triumph of another, because we dared to be independent of both.

Mr. Webster, in his late speech, treats our pretensions as a party with as little ceremony as the Whig party does his own claims to their favors. With an oracular assurance, pardonable in confirmed intelligence, he has announced to his friends the gratifying information that his

old acquaintance, General Cass, and his new favorite, General Taylor, are the only two candidates who intend to trouble this goodly people for their suffrages: with a wave of his august finger he does not merely summon Mr. Van Buren from his high pedestal, and like the injured fairy, order him to occupy some less distinguished position, to assume some less honorable shape, to pass from a man to a beast or reptile or creeping vermin; oh, no! he is even less considerate than the vengeful enchantress, he is not even so thoughtful as to relieve disease and nature at some future day of the trouble of disembodiment, not he. He must deny that such a candidate or his party ever had existed, or ever could exist.

Perhaps Mr. Webster intended us to believe that if he had ever recognized us as a party, it was not from facts furnished by his memory, but a phantom which expired with the gleam of fancy that created it.

That if he ever had appeared anxious lest the Free Soil question should absorb the best strength of his party, and had stimulated him to apply his masterly energies to an unwonted extent, it was rather to exhibit his own skill in the legerdemain of politics, by making things that could not be, seem as though they had been—to show what might be said of such a party, if it had existed. As skilful pugilists sometimes practise themselves, by assuming attitudes, and squaring scientifically at supposed antagonists, who would certainly have been floored, had they been present to receive the blows.

Mr. Webster no doubt has brains enough to colonize another Olympus, but I doubt much whether the weight of his logic, ponderous as it is, could crush a fact. There have been Eastern despots who indulged themselves every morning with the merciful amusement of cutting off the heads of the faithful. They have an illustrious rival in

our own oriental Daniel, who, with one sweep of his lingual scythe, mows down thousands of the sturdy democracy who crowd this fair republic, from the waters of the St. Lawrence to the Missouri. If we are no party, having no principles, and no being, why do opposition orators expend so many arguments to preserve their adherents from contact with this nonentity? Why charge a cannon to break a bubble? Why fulminate anathemas against a creedless, bodiless heresy?

Surely there must be something worthy of countenance, something not altogether too insignificant for investigation in a cause which is most supported when best understood; which finds its firmest advocates among its severest critics; which, though still cramped and crowded by the pressure of opposing factions, is constantly appropriating to itself the better opinion of men, and reciprocating the service which, secures a warm ally, by furnishing the converted with a creed so comprehensive and elevated that he will never be ashamed of it. If principles are to be adjudged by the character of those who advocate them, who are the exponents of this rebel faith? Who the actors in this grand drama of political and social redemption? It is not the politician panting for patronage; the signs are too inauspicious for the gratification of his voracity.

It is not the man-worshipper whose home is at the hero's feet. He has a windfall from Mexico, and has already placed himself in his favorite dust. It is not the strict, undeviating, habitual partisan who sees no merit in public conduct worthy of his emulation, beyond the limits of party acquiescence; he has his duty marked out and ratified before his candidate is proclaimed, and will support him, no matter how iniquitous the means by which that nomination was secured. No, it is not such

as these who fraternize with us, and for the simple reason, that for the present, we can only furnish them with that which is but a poor recompense to the selfish, a good conscience. We have no splendid military chieftain to allure, by aggressive triumphs, followers whom the naked merits of his cause never could seduce. We have no candidate for the chief office who was born of a convention which purported to sanction old established party usages, and to represent and respect the united democracy of this whole Union, and who, in violation of both usages and opinions, shut out the largest single delegation in that Union from a participation in the solemn objects of its congregation.

We have nothing about us to attract the greedy, the senseless, or the timid. Our position requires too much reasoning for the thoughtless to comprehend, and is an undertaking far more hazardous than the nervous or the yielding dare attempt. Our advocates are those who have too little immediate interest in the success of either of the two great parties not to abandon both at the moment they perceive any other means of benefiting their country.

To assume any other relations, to advocate any other questions, and to organize any other system of political action whenever the policy of the party to which they are attached is found insufficient to further the permanent interests of the whole nation. That man who deserts his party when that party deserts its duty will never suffer his politics to place his morals in jeopardy. The greater part of those who advocate our cause are men who have never been jostled from their propriety by the thunders of a noisy reputation, who will never be diverted from healthy avocations either to assume the defence of questionable doctrines, or to place their fortunes at the disposal of a capricious multitude. Their good sense is too

strong for the sophistries of party, and useful pursuits place them above the temptation of patronage. Their fidelity cannot be questioned, because it is only tendered until conscience summons it elsewhere. Its travelling clothes are always upon its back, and at the first beck of truth it sets out for a more congenial residence. We have men among us sternly and boldly enlisted in this cause, who in ordinary times are known only as the pliant, placable servants of the law; who are noted for the fidelity with which they discharge social duties, and the modesty with which they shrink from public honors; who never intrude their opinions upon the state, when its safety can dispense with them, and who from a contented and a respected retirement behold with unconcern the successive dynasties of the popular will, like the stately figures of a magic lantern, in rapid and regular order, advancing from the midst and retiring back into the bosom of the people. Yet when this goodly land is threatened with near impending danger, and its children are summoned to shield the purest of governments from the plunder of solemnly sanctioned powers, these are the men whose dormant sovereignty awakes at the call, and are the first to tender the long-reserved suffrages for the support of the public necessities. There is the minister of God, who will not rest in his pulpit until he has deposited his vote in favor of that virtue which his life is sworn to defend. There is the scholar, who will consider his time and his oil wasted until he has added his mite in our behalf; for the study of all men, in all ages, has taught him the value of the principles for which we contend. There is the poet, whom we will summon from his dreams of more perfect institutions, to secure those he already possesses from spoliation. There is the Christian, whose daily prayer ascends heavenward upon the breath of liberated piety.

Grateful for his own emancipation, he will not forget the cause which would arrest a more grievous oppression. The philosopher, who, in his deepest meditations still finds virtue the profoundest wisdom,—he will make that result the guide of his political conduct, and it will place him by our side. The free laborer, who, even in the homeliness of his occupation, remembers the dignity of his nature,—he will hold his plough firmer and his head higher, when he has voted for that party which would relieve him from the bondsman's company by redressing the bondsman's wrongs. Those men will be with us who have no prejudices against a new cause because it confides in old names; and those names grown venerable in long and effectual public service; who have the patience to investigate a good cause, and conscience enough to embrace it, when abundant arguments are advanced in its favor. Conscientious Whigs, conscientious Democrats, who can see nothing so alluring in either of the two great parties, to deter them from the united support of principles which it is the first interest of both parties to advocate, and which both parties have agreed to abandon; who look upon the questions of financial policy which formerly separated them, as lost, in comparison with the holier ones which now sanctify their union. The former are temporary expedients to meet present emergencies, while the latter are comprehensive principles which sustain eternal laws. The most splendid schemes ever devised for advancing the fortunes of this prudent, industrious, aspiring nation, are but poor substitutes for the loss of their virtue.

The world will forgive us mistakes in matters of ordinary policy, and in pitying our ignorance will pardon our blunders; but who will be the champion of abandoned rectitude? Who dare vindicate the ravisher of his coun-

try's fame? Is this mere declamation? Let us see if the facts are not as large as the words that cover them. The South claim the right to carry the local institution of slavery into the territory belonging to the whole Union. In the name of morality and our own personal interest, in common with the other States, in that territory, we assert our right through the general Congress to prevent it. The main arguments in support of this right the country have by heart. I cannot improve upon them. Yet there are a few of the stronger points which cannot be too often repeated. Wherever in the Constitution the slaveholder resorts for his slave privileges, that instrument calls them by no other name than persons. There are but two clauses in his favor. The one clause legalizes the possession. It is thus: No person held to service in one State shall be released from the same by the law of any other State. The other clause is the granary where he picks the seed which grows the representative. It says: After citizens, three-fifths of all other persons, except Indians, shall be included in the ratio of representation. No mention is made of property held to service. Neither does it say three-fifths of all other property shall be represented.

When the tax-gatherer comes to assess the planter, he ranges his slave by the side of his horse, his dog, and his cow, and points to them as a part of his personal estate. When the census-taker approaches, this slave is led out from among the four-footed tribe, and placed within the family group by the side of his wife, his sons, and his daughters, and numbered as a part of his human household—for while in the presence of that officer the slave is three-fifths of a man. After assisting to make a representative he goes back to his barn-yard brethren, and renews the toil which furnishes the means to pay that representative for extending and perpetuating the misery

of his race. What a pleasant occupation for a human being—to employ three-fifths of his manhood in making himself a whole slave.

I do not mention this as a matter of reproach, for I believe within certain limits it is unavoidable at present. But when the South attempts to reduce slaves to the level of ordinary property, to amalgamate them among things, to dress them up as utensils, and in this disguise to smuggle them through the Constitution into the territory of the whole nation, where we hold them as contraband, every weapon, whether it be of satire, ridicule or reproach, is legal till we drive them over the border into their own exclusive local jurisdiction.

In all discussions upon the extension of slavery, we must never forget to summon the moral law to our assistance the moment its supremacy can be applied without interfering with positive enactments. When the South, as in the case of slave property, can only resort to implication to prove that slaves are property in its strict sense, we have the right to apply the moral law and say, that what the necessities of the Constitution have not granted, in the name of justice we claim the benefit of in our own favor. This is the only law which will ever decide the contest for us. Otherwise it is an equal question. For the supremacy of this moral law is never abrogated; it is only adjourned temporarily to avoid greater evils, and by recognizing the moral law as holding the balance of power between the constitutional law as expressed and the same as implied, we secure an efficient ally in concluding this question adversely for the South.

In all matters of general policy affecting general interests, a moderate exercise of implied powers is absolutely necessary to carry on the government; and upon this very principle, by admitting implied powers as to this

question, we encourage slave institutions. There is sufficient positive authority in the Constitution given them to protect their rights within the States. Any farther, they must expect no mercy.

Every slave sanctioned by the general government in the Territories is a slave of our own, protected by our own laws, working upon our own soil, and covering us with the same infamy as if he was in our own kitchen. All the acts of the general government are our acts, and the moment that slavery passes from under the exclusive jurisdiction of the States, it becomes a common pestilence, and every white man is a slaveholder, from Canada to California. It is the extreme absoluteness of State sovereignty that saves us now. And the world knows this. But place one foot of slavery upon the soil of the national domain, and though it be but a handful of dirt, you will bury in it the shrivelled corpse of the public honor. You may run the boundary line between the States and the Territory with your finger: the moral distance between them upon this question is as boundless as the heavens which made the moral law. In the presence of State sovereignty, the federal government should be only a mournful, powerless spectator. When it reaches the Territory its responsibility is resumed. And in the name of the public probity we call upon it to arrest this public iniquity. The South tells us that their honor is at stake upon this question. That nothing can save it but the dishonor of the whole confederacy. This is pleasant news for the North. That nothing less than a Tartar expedition into the consciences of ten millions of men can appease their affronted nature. We always supposed that honor was the dignity which preserved what virtue had acquired, and not the recklessness which gloried in its loss; that it was not only the discipline but the jealousy of reputation,

not content with being correct but must needs be sensitive. While we possess our faculties we have a right to our opinions, and we at the North believe that a truth is as valuable as a negro. That a prostrate principle is as melancholy a spectacle as a down-trodden man, and that misfortune in bondage is far less to be pitied than freedom in disgrace ; for the one has only lost its rights, the other has forgotten its duties. If we authorize extension of this iniquity, whoever calls us free will be declared mad. Whoever cites us as an example for imitation, will be shunned as the apostle of deception. Wherever our flag waves it will be the herald of infamy. Wherever our name is pronounced it will be the signal for reprehension. The world will be the wiser of our liberties only because in the worthlessness of the achievement they will be consoled for their own loss. While Europe has begun a contest for what we have effected, we are contending against the spirit of the very evils which they have almost demolished. Is it not one argument the more for the oppressor, and one argument the less for the oppressed, that in the heart of the freest country upon the earth an acrimonious struggle is raging to perpetuate the bondage of a race whom the greatest powers of despotic Europe have spent millions to redeem ? Are not all the thrones of Europe redolent with the new-blown flowers of concession ? and though some of them have sprouted just in time to deck royalty for the sacrifice, may not this simoom blast of slavery extension from the western continent wither up these flowers and sweep back the desert where an Eden had just begun to bloom ? Yet why should we invoke the pride of the people, or the safety of the world, in behalf of the Wilmot Proviso, if gratitude for those who made us what we are will avail nothing ? Who is the author of this ordinance ? The author of the Declaration of Inde-

pendence. Who sanctioned it with his signature? The father of his country. Is there a Democrat who reveres the memory of the man who has furnished him with a creed which has enabled him almost since the foundation of the government to triumph over every faction or party arrayed in hostility against him; is there a man, I say, that will believe there can be anything unsound in this measure, where all the rest he has received from the same source are so durable? Who is there so presumptuous? Who is there so blasphemous, as will dare to reflect upon the wisdom of Washington? Would he who gave us an Empire, inflict upon us an injury? Is the South insulted by its best defender, and he who was one of their own brethren in interest and in locality? Away with the sacrilege. When we ask you to pass upon this proviso, we ask you to acknowledge that your two greatest benefactors were not your greatest blunderers; to prove your gratitude for what you have by sanctioning that which in their good judgment they approved. If our voices avail nothing, let the spirit of the departed good be heard. If you will not hear us rebels, listen for God's sake, listen to the Patriots who made you what you are.

As for us we are condemned before we are heard—if we speak of principles, we are told of treason; if we point to good men who are worthy of support at this election, we are told that they want votes to justify wrongs, and not to advance truths; that Mr. Van Buren would break down his party because it would not raise him upon its shoulders; that Judas and Arnold are patriots by the side of him. When they call Mr. Van Buren a traitor to them, they call him truly; for in this treachery to infamy is fidelity to virtue. When they say that Mr. Van Buren is ungrateful because he will not be unscrupulous, they only prove that he has chosen rather to preserve his re

spect for what he believes to be the right than his gratitude towards those whom he knows to be wrong. What an awful crime—what a valid excuse for persecution—that a man should prefer a frowning party to a reproving conscience! We know that there are many who have a strong prejudice against Mr. Van Buren, yet we never found a man who could give a valid reason why. Has he the mind capable of conducting the head of the state? Yes. Did you ever know him guilty, either in or out of office, of an unworthy act? Oh, no. Well, then, why do you dislike him? Why, they call him a fox, he looks so cunning. A man to be popular in this country must either be a great general or a great orator. Men must either be excited by words or by military deeds. Mr. Van Buren is neither, but he is far safer than both. Cool, discriminating and determined, his passions never interfere with his perceptions. You never become enthusiastic enough in his favor to follow him right or wrong. When you follow him you may be sure you are nearly right—you may be sure that you are not led away by anything beyond the influence of the cause which he represents. His judgment is too omnipresent ever to mislead your own—his integrity too well tried ever to betray you into crime. Yet he is only a man—a fallible man, after all. Will men refuse to advocate a cause which their consciences approve, merely because there is a man at the head of it who, after thirty long years of honorable public service, has, by a few mistakes, proved that he is no exception to the best men who have gone before him? Whenever you go to prove his inconsistency, you prove his veracity. He may have changed his mind, but did he ever break his word? In '36 he thought that slavery in the District of Columbia ought not to be disturbed, and it was not; in '48 it is his opinion that it should not be extended, and

will he not adhere to it? Half the enmity he now provokes has been caused by the calumny he has refuted. The contest of '40, which consigned him to retirement, brought more subsequent disgrace upon this land than it did upon its rejected chief. If there is a Whig who feels despondent over the mournful retrospect which the last eight years of his country's history presents, let him go back to the ballot-box of '40, and behold the source of his grief. All the evils since that period are but the rebound from the state house of his inconsiderate suffrage. Bad laws are the errors of men coming back to them on ungratified wants, unprotected interests, and disregarded opinions. What a ludicrous sight it would be, say some, to see Mr. Van Buren at the head of the Whig party. Not half so much so as to see General Taylor at the head of any political party. In Mr. Van Buren's case people would say, what a magnanimous party are the Whigs. They refuse to vote for a man who never was heard of till blood was to be shed. Who advised an advance into his neighbor's territory. Who acknowledged that he knows nothing of civil affairs. Who, if he is elected, will be the first General ever seated in the chair of state as a reward for aggressive triumphs. That they have forgotten their minor differences, and united upon a candidate whose ordinary policy had always separated them, but whom, when the country is in danger, they are willing to unite upon as the least obnoxious of the three.

When could men with more safety or propriety abandon their party than those who adhere to Whig principles? They could not hazard their fidelity, for their candidate has no right to exact what he does not observe. A partisan is not to be censured for abandoning a candidate who represents nothing, when his party have set him the example of ingratitude by rejecting their greatest states-

man, on whom all the burthen of supporting their cause eventually falls. The country, which is the great object of the honest partisan's efforts, will not be injured by secession, for it is happily accommodating itself to democratic measures. The tariff sleeps in the security of a moderate reduction. The question of the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands is as quiet as the solitudes which it embraces. The bank is quietly crumbling amid the rest of the ruins of Whig policy; and in the certainty of a secure, prosperous financial policy, when could we more opportunely begin the purgation of the public morals?

I am aware of the difficulty of arraying the people's duties against the people's favorites. I know the hopelessness of calling the elector away from the worshipper. Strong indeed must be that logic which can wrestle with a soldier's glory. Bold as the courage which produced that soldier's renown, must be the spirit that dares oppose it. General Taylor's talents may be as lofty as the station to which he aspires, and his estimate of those talents may be as humble as the obscurity from which he sprung, yet let him wait till he has proved, in some less important station, that he has them, and let him convince us of his modesty in some more satisfactory manner than by consenting to assume what he acknowledges he cannot perform. The state wants experience, not experiments. Reward men for what they will be, when you have none to honor for what they have been.

What right have we to look towards an inexperienced chieftain for a sagacious exercise of the vast executive influence of this republic? If he is independent, that inexperience will mislead him. If he is confiding, he will be distracted by opposing counsels. In either case the country must be the sufferer. The world has taught us to distrust the wisdom of the sword. The sagacity which

conducted an army to victory, has often led a state to ruin. Look at Napoleon, with all the power of Europe at his feet, and all the wisdom of France at his ear, whose arm was constantly called upon to repair the mischiefs his head had provoked, stepping down from the most splendid throne in the universe, and wading through Russian snows to an English prison. The most ungrateful act that ever English gratitude perpetrated towards a great name, was in placing Wellington at the head of the English government. Who would believe that he who utters such silly sophisms in the House of Lords, was the conqueror of Napoleon? That he who contributed so much to the nation's glory was so little able to benefit it by his counsels? Yet, in battle he was equally as masterly in his plans, clear, shrewd, determined, as General Taylor. Military men are generally too ignorant to lead, or too obstinate to follow, and we do not see why men who have had no other training in any other school, should be an exception. Washington and Jackson were both men who had acquired much civil experience before coming to the Presidency. Will General Taylor keep us out of a foreign war? His poor neglected brother-in-arms, General Scott, has just successfully concluded one, which the advice of this General Taylor produced. Will he be guarded and able to command himself in power? He could not contain his temper towards his superior, the Secretary of War; how will he act then, when there are none above him?

But in regard to the war, he only obeyed orders. Yes, and he advised those orders, and if he did not, when was obedience to error a qualification for office? When was participation in the worst of iniquities an argument for the assumption of the highest of dignities? As a soldier he cannot be praised too much, though in a bad cause. We have spent 200,000,000 of dollars to tell the world two

facts :—That our soldiers are no cowards and our rulers no statesmen. That if the one never march but to conquer, the others have acted but to blunder. That while ignorance at Washington was writing its way to infamy, valor in Mexico was cutting its way to glory. General Taylor performed a soldier's duty, and obtained a soldier's reward—promotion and the praise of the achievement. But when he comes before the country as an aspirant for civil and political honors, he must be adjudged by the laws of morality and good policy which govern these dignities—and they are against him. The Whigs tell us that he will not veto the Wilmot proviso. Let us hear that from him. He is either opposed to it, or ashamed to advocate it. In either case he is not worthy of our support. Yet with all these arguments in our favor, men excuse themselves for standing aloof from us. It's all revenge, you don't mean it.—Granted we do not, does that justify you in not embracing a good cause, because there are those in it who avenge the wrongs of the politician, by performing the duties of the Christian? Were we ambitious of power and reckless of the means of obtaining it, how could it be better secured than by coalescing with them, whom perhaps it has cost us our ascendancy to abjure? Could we not have swallowed the insult which denied us a participation in the selection of a candidate, in the hopes of that patronage which would have resulted from the certainty of his election? Would not injuries forgotten at Baltimore have insured favors at Washington?

Had we frowned upon the Wilmot proviso, would not success have smiled upon us, and our integrity, though in ruins, been gilded by the beams of perpetuated power? Was it good policy to hazard our own safety as the price of their retribution? To jeopardize our character in order to justify our position? Does it betray the ordinary

cunning of systematic vindictiveness to incur all the odium of opposition to former friends without the right to expect anything from those whom we benefited by this movement and who have always been our enemies? Are not these the arguments with which a calculating rancor would have silenced the voice of a heedless, clamorous retaliation, and thus preserve us from becoming martyrs to our own resentment rather than what we are, the vindicators of outraged party privileges and menaced public virtue?

Long-drawn and deeply indented are the lines between us and reconciliation with those who have provoked the alternative of this secession; lines as wide as the continent we inhabit, and deep as the waters which wash its borders. We have harbored an outlaw from the capitol, and we will not betray it; we have taken a great truth by the hand and sent it forth to fight its way to empire. It is already crowned in the consciences of men. The Whigs tell us that for twenty years they have been the advocates of the Free Soil question;—what a lucky thing for them that the rent in our own party should have revealed to the world their long-curtained virtue,—if we effect nothing else by this insular organization we shall be more than compensated for our pains.

Suppose the fathers of the Revolution had only *thought* of liberty seventy years ago, without arming themselves in its defence, what would have been the value of our rights? It is not enough that we are persecuted for what we espouse, but we must be plundered of that which is all that consoles us under the infliction. Do the Whigs mean that they supported the Missouri Compromise of 1820? Is it possible that they should have countenanced that measure before they were recognized as a party? But I forgot. Mr. Webster, who explained so convincingly how we, a party in a flourishing condition, did not exist, may

perhaps be equally as lucid in settling how the Whigs could have a creed before they were endowed with a being. This compromise is the principle of the proviso admitted, though partially applied; it is the gravity of truth suspended in its southward course; the diameter of the republic is made the boundary of the benefit; but the Wilmot proviso is the compromise winged, soaring and lighting over the neglected residue of the whole national territory. Can a party long remain unacknowledged and unsupported, who have placed themselves at issue upon the only principle worth contending for at this election? We will not believe that the state, like Lot's wife, will look back, and become a pillar of salt. Yet if we should fail, if we do fall, we will go down with the wreck of the laws; we will be buried in the sarcophagus of the Constitution; the robes of justice will be our winding-sheet, and every good man our pall bearer, while, as triumphant infamy hurries us to the grave, the world will cry out: "there goes the funeral of America's virtue!" Yet we will not indulge in so mournful an anticipation; we are too proud of the past to despair of the future; we have encountered and survived too many dangers in the building up of this splendid system of government, not to be equally sanguine of a like happy conclusion to our difficulties. As for the South, her threatenings have been so constant and yet so harmless, that we would bear with her as with a fretful, wayward child. The country has become used to her whinings, and the voice of threats, commencing with the Washington administration, have continued, with little interval, down to the present time; but the terrors of the child are no longer the arguments of the man; we laugh where in earlier days we trembled. This measure will yet be her master, and though, as we journey toward the far limits of this vast empire, we encounter on our path

the tree of virtue blown down and stretching its withered branches over the whole Southern extent of this confederacy, yet we will pluck a bough from its prostrate trunk and transplant it upon the soil of the national territory, where it will strike its roots so deep and strong that all the blasts of a future corrupt State sovereignty will sweep harmlessly over it.

Pass this measure and an angel might envy its mission, for it is the spirit which made us free, trying to keep us just. It would snatch a kindly beam from the sun of power, to play upon the pathway of the degenerate African. Pass it, and no more will envy taunt you with inconsistency, for it is the tear of the penitent blotting out the sins of the delinquent. Pass it, for God's sake, pass it, and the prosperity of this land will no longer be a reproach upon its humanity, for it is the fortunes of one race repairing the ruins of another. Our privileges have made our opinions valuable. Within the circuit of those opinions the Constitution has imprisoned the powers of the State, and it remains for you to prove whether that act was a wise provision or a rash adventure. From the merciless peltings of this southerly storm, its perilled prerogatives seek a shelter under the wing of your suffrages. Deeply indeed must the free soil voter feel the weight of that suffrage, when in its folds are wrapped his country's honor and his fellow's right.

We have proved that crowns are not essential to laws; let us prove also that chains are not necessary to labor. That as our government has all the energy without the oppression of despotism, so industry can be equally as useful without being miserable. Better that liberty had always remained a beautiful theory than to have become a deformed and degraded reality, stalking over this continent to degrade labor, to oppress misfortune, and to

prevent morality. We expect much of the coming session, if not of consummation, at least of encouragement. We are prepared for a winter's voyage around this Southern cape; it may be a long and boisterous passage, but we shall weather the Horn. We will be the first to bear the glad tidings of redemption to the new-born empire of the Pacific, and it will be a more precious cargo than the richest clime will send them in the proudest days of its future glory, for it will proclaim the unqualified, uncompromising recognition of the spirit of human liberty.

ORATION

DELIVERED AT

BERGEN POINT, N. J.,

JULY 4TH, 1845.



FELLOW-CITIZENS :

THE story of our country's wrongs, its sufferings and its triumphs, though often and eloquently told, is still a theme that cannot weary—it is a tale that must not be forgotten. Though we shared not in the glory of the achievement; though we perilled neither life nor limb in the defence of man's dearest blessing; though we had no hand in rearing the complicated fabric of a mighty Republic, still, to those who accomplished all this, should we not evince our gratitude by a lively remembrance of their virtues; and by a faithful guardianship over those liberties which they lavished their blood and treasure to secure? to whose resolution we are indebted for the festivities of this day, and to whose valor and wisdom we owe the success of this age? Bear with me, then, while, upon the Sabbath-day of our freedom, I discharge, in your name, the annual debt of our common gratitude. Come with me to the altar of patriotism, while we offer up the incense of heartfelt praise to the authors of our country's glory. Let

us assemble around the table of Memory, and while we banquet upon the good deeds of others, may we grow good ourselves by that on which we feed. Why are the reminiscences of the Revolution so pleasing? Why is it that the jubilee of our Independence, like some antique relic, grows dearer as it grows older? Do we merely commemorate the transfer of Governmental cares and burthens from a foreign to a domestic head? Do we merely rejoice that a courageous ancestry dared to pluck the brightest jewel from a vain monarch's diadem? Are we tickled with the childish pleasure of escaping the restraints of parental discipline and the unnatural rigors of parental authority? Do we merely honor men for resisting when they could no longer obey? Was it a mark of magnanimity, or any evidence of patriotism, in the leaders of that contest to defend what it was their interest to preserve; to exert their intellects, to weary their spirits, and to task their bodies, in order to consummate an event which but furnished the readier means to gratify personal ambition, and to increase individual power? Who knew but what they were asserting the rights of their countrymen only that they might, with the more facility, abuse them? Who knew but what they were expelling the oppressor, only that they might rule the oppressed? How many ambitious spirits, masked in the garb of patriotism and clothed in the panoply of a sacred cause, have battled in the name of Freedom, that they might govern in the name of Tyranny! How many deluded nations have succeeded in rearing the Temple of Liberty, and yet how few have feasted their eyes upon the fair spectacle, ere vice and corruption, undermining the beautiful edifice, have erected, upon its crumbling ruins, the sternest despotism that human ingenuity could devise! No, my friends, it is neither the spirit that provoked, nor the ability that achieved this

revolution, upon which we waste the eulogy of our praise; it is the wisdom that planned, the virtue that preserved, and the integrity that bequeathed to us that sacred charter, without which all revolutions are vain, and submission preferable to resistance. It was this disinterestedness, this patriotic devotion to posterity and their country, that distinguished our ancestors from the vulgar herd of mere revolutionists. With them, place and power were only instruments to effect national independence and individual prosperity. For our rest they labored; for our peace they warred; for our freedom they conquered. And when a kind Providence, a worthy cause, and an undaunted spirit, had enabled them to secure the adoption of those democratic institutions contended for, they drop, one by one, from the high places to which their merits had exalted them, to mingle with a multitude they had redeemed, to watch the operations of a Government they had constituted, to share in its blessings, and, by exemplifying in themselves its equality, to enjoy that living Apotheosis, the reward of virtue and the result of patriotism.

There is a distinctness of feature, a peculiar originality of character, exhibited in the nature and origin of this Revolution, to which history furnishes no parallel; and the oftener we reflect, and the deeper we study both its causes and its results, the firmer will be the conviction that a mightier hand than man's, a keener eye than ours, had marked out, guided, and still watches the destinies of this young Republic. A few generations since, and the land we inhabit found not a place in the imagination of the wildest visionary. History refused it a page upon her tablets; and when civilized man beheld the sun sinking in the distant west, he fancied that it but slept upon the bosom of the boundless waters, unconscious that the mighty orb smiled upon and vivified a world as vast, a land as

beautiful, and a people as mortal as his own. Crowded within the narrow compass of a limited territory—prostrated by the weight of monarchical exactions, and the mental despotism of a crafty priesthood—almost exhausted in physical resources by the constant drain of an excessive populace, Europe knew not that a mighty hemisphere was waiting to pour its treasures in her lap—to afford an asylum for her oppressed and a home for her surplus multitude; thus restoring the fulcrum to the centre of an overbalanced globe, and applying to us the Bible promise, “I will give thee the heathen for an inheritance.” But who is the leader to this promised land? Who the Moses to this second Canaan? A friendless mariner, whose character is as doubtful as the countries he would discover, but whose project seemed little less than a divine inspiration. With a boldness equal to the magnitude of the undertaking, he looks the haughtiest of sovereigns in the face, and for the trifle of an outfit, offers to lay the wealth of another Indus at his feet. Doubting, and yet hoping, they equip him a fleet, in which your watermen would hardly trade to Virginia. And yet there is a sublimity in that departure which one loves to contemplate. Pitied for his madness, ridiculed for his rashness, despised for his obstinacy, with no encouragement, save the instinctive promptings of an ardent imagination, this adventurous nobody launches upon the Atlantic’s wide waste, to immortalize an obscure name, to enrich an ungrateful country, and to prepare a road that ransomed millions might follow. Historians tell us that a redeemed people date their existence from the year 1776; but the world will acknowledge, that the first link in the great chain of events, which ended with the consummation of American Independence, was commenced in the year 1492.

Had a Columbus never lived, tyranny would have

never died. Europe, the alpha and omega of Christian civilization, would have been the centre of a universal despotism, and man still crouched beneath the rod of power, sometimes kissing, but never escaping the hand that held him. The splendor of a throne, the pomp and state of royalty, the gorgeous trappings, and lavish display of aristocratic wealth, dazzle the senses of the multitude, and are peculiar objects of admiration and worship. Accustomed from infancy to regard these privileged orders as superior beings, they may envy, but are always ready to fawn at the feet of power. It is only in a land far removed from such influences, whose crown is wisdom, whose mitre is purity, whose heraldry is talent, where an equality of rank produces an equality of rights, that man can fully assert the dignity of his nature, and enjoy freedom in its true purity. Thus, while other nations have been for ages endeavoring to wring a few immunities from their masters, we, in less than a century, have sprung to the manly stature of freemen—the land of yesterday, and the people of to-day—the youngest in years, and yet the oldest in the enjoyment of all the true essentials of good government. What a pattern do we present for our elders! What an example does the child hold up to the parent! Liberty, with our ancestors, was a runaway match. The gentle goddess came to their mother's house, and pleased them with her mildness and the unrestrained ease of her manners. The parents perceived the attachment springing up, and, with cruel severity, forbade the banns. Not to be deterred even by this obstacle, they clandestinely leave the paternal roof, and consummate, in the wilds of America, that union denied them at home—sealing the matrimonial bond with their blood, and testing, by their sufferings, the strength of their attachment—preferring a stormy sea, a forest-wild, a savage foe, to all the allure-

ments of a home, whose Church was Bigotry and whose State was Tyranny. Is it to be wondered, then, that after encountering every peril and surmounting every obstacle, after raising their altars to that piety for which they had sacrificed so much, and after transplanting their vine and fig-tree far from the scenes of their childhood and those beloved ties which consecrate the domestic hearth,—is it to be wondered, I say, that when the destroyer comes, backed by the scalping Indian, to invade the sanctity of a retreat he had rendered necessary, that they should exhibit the same courage in defending a land which insured them the enjoyment of so many blessings, as they had in leaving one which denied them all—thus rising from the equivocal character of rebellious subjects to the conscious dignity of victorious freemen—and, in place of obscure colonists, unnoticed by the world, suddenly take their stand among the nations of the earth, to rival, and perhaps eclipse, the glory of their once lordly masters? Thus, with nations as with individuals, does heaven make one the unwilling instrument of another's rise.

The principle of democratic liberty, though intimately connected with the well-being of mankind, seems, previous to our Revolution, to have been a mere speculative theory. Philosophy, with a knowing shake, denied that its adoption was possible, and Experience, with a quiet smile, pointed to the decayed models of Greece and Rome as samples of instability. That a whole nation should be the property of one family, bequeathed from father to son, as so many personal chattels, had long become a fixed fact; and it was only when rash rulers innovated upon long-established customs, that imprisoned man forgot his chains, and dared to strike; or, if the progress of knowledge and the dawn of an enlightened age, awakened him to a sense of his degradation, the instruments, and not the authors,

of his infamy, were the objects of attack—deposing rulers and slaughtering kings, but leaving the law that made them unharmed. And yet, civil liberty was as dear to the masses as power was to the high-born: no matter how sunk in ignorance, or how debased by vice; no matter how indistinct or how ill-digested the ideas, man still retains some notion of his rights and obligations as a social being. Compelled by his weakness, and attracted by his affections, to associate with his fellow, he feels the necessity for a restraining principle to curb the passions and protect the interests of society. Although wealth and intellect be unequally distributed; although tastes, habits, and associations exclude social companionship, still a community of interests, an aggregate mutual dependence upon each other, or reliance upon, and an accountability to the same kind Protector, should at least invite a political equality. With his obligations to society, comes another and a higher duty. What he is denied and what he enjoys from association with man, concerns but his temporal and bodily relation. Whether he is to be happy or miserable hereafter, according as he has made his peace with God, concerns his spiritual and eternal welfare. There is some palliative for Government interfering in the temporal affairs of men, for they have a bearing more or less affecting each other; but to tear the veil of sanctity from the spirit's devotion—to invade the temple of his faith, and prescribe particular forms for his observance—to disturb the sacred communion of an immortal soul with its master-spirit, in order to enjoin any rules other than those contained in the inspired volume, is not only an outrage upon his feelings, but a sacrilege against his Maker. In society, man is but the integral part of a congregated mass, dependent upon, and affected by, whatever concerns it as a whole. In religion, he is the one independent being, in

no way connected with his neighbor, and, although having a common origin, and liable to a common fate, yet independent in existence, independent in action, and independent in accountability.

To appreciate properly the blessings we enjoy, to comprehend fully the causes which, in so brief a period, have effected so much for us politically, let us review the condition of some of the older nations of Europe, who have but survived the ferocity of barbaric times to become the victims to enlightened prejudices. Is there any real freedom to be found among those petty republics scattered at intervals over Europe, like stagnant pools in a desert, which, instead of allaying, rather excite the thirst for a purer element—holding their charter at the will of some foreign potentate, or, at best, shaping their conduct as conduces most towards retaining the good-will of their most powerful neighbors? England, a modern Colossus, ruling the waves with her trident, her freeholds with gold, her colonies with bayonets—whose power no arm can weaken, whose influence every nation will acknowledge, whose good-will all gladly court. Though the scene of an hundred rebellions, and the theatre of many revolutions; though her hills have echoed with the thrilling cries of would-be freemen, and her green vales have drank the blood of her best and wisest heroes; though every age weakens her power at home and adds her might abroad, in what consists the boasted liberties of Englishmen? Since the Invasion to the deposition of the Elder Stuarts, what advances have they made towards political regeneration? The boundaries of the kingly office are more clearly defined. The crown prerogatives are reduced to a mere routine of state ceremonies. The checks and balances of three independent orders in the State, each a guard upon the other, present a seeming equality of representation

that does not exist. What the king has lost in honor, the nobility have acquired in influence, and what the people have gained by a voice in the democratic branch, is hushed by the corruptions of the remaining two; and so long as they love their rulers, and only hate their rule—so long as that passion for display and attachment to royalty still remains—so long as they writhe under the lash that stings, and yet admire the jeweled hand that wields the rod, so long will the day of their redemption be prolonged.

The French, awakened to a spirit of independence by the radical tendency of their new philosophy—inflamed almost to madness by the oppressive exactions of their privileged orders, and stimulated to a like effort by our example, fondly imagined they would be equally successful. But unfortunately departing from that courtesy for which they are noted, like an old man who, in retaining the affections, loses the polish of his youth, they woo the timid goddess with so rough and brutal a courtship, that she shrinks from their embraces, and, with a shriek of horror, flies frantic from the land. Then follows the strife of contending passions, the downfall of the holy altar, the debauch of public morals, and a general prostration of the social fabric—bartering a mild tyranny for a terrible anarchy, and the sway of a gentle monarch for the bloody rule of a Jacobinical mob. Brood after brood of gloomy tyrants are fostered upon the land, until one giant-monster, mightier than all, rises at the moment of his country's deepest misery, to exalt her to the highest pitch of national glory. Here let us pause to contemplate the character of two men, perhaps the greatest that ever impressed their genius upon any age. WASHINGTON and NAPOLEON! The sun of America's savior, rising in black clouds of political despotism, culminates to its zenith during the mists of a nation's uncertain struggles, but, slowly declining amid a

golden blaze of victorious conflict, tinges the western horizon with the mild splendor of its virtues long after the orb itself had ceased to shine. While an admiring world is lost in contemplating the beauty of this scene, a new sun is visible to the eastward; its brilliant dawn, the wonder and delight of an age—its meridian beams, too dazzling for the eagle's gaze—its declining pathway, too tempestuous for the stormy-petrel's revel. Nature denied their births a kingly heritage, and yet both attained heights to which kings in vain aspire. Each originated in revolutionary convulsions, which neither created, but which both concluded. The one annihilating foreign domination, the other quelling domestic faction. Both arranged and harmonized discordant masses—infusing into separate systems of governments a wisdom that equalized, and an energy that ensured the enjoyment of every political advantage. Thus far they are hand-in-hand—and posterity will blend their names in the common benefactions of two great nations. But here, too, they part: Washington to lay his power at the feet of its legitimate source, the People; Napoleon to wrest from his countrymen all they had not previously conceded. Washington's ambition is satiated with the happiness he had secured; Napoleon's thirst for power—the blood of three millions could not quench. Virtue, thriving in a land of liberty, brought to the dying bed of Washington the consciousness of a well-spent life, while the murmuring pæans of a grateful nation sang the hero to a sweet repose. Ambition, swayed by matchless talents, dazzling the world while it exasperated its victims, confused the brain of Napoleon, expiring upon a captive's couch. In the heroes' deaths we read their lives. But if both have produced great physical results, the effect of their example will not be the least among the benefits conferred upon society. The one, a warning to

posterity never to permit services, however valuable, or endowments, however rare, to seduce them into the relinquishment of powers for the benefit of an individual, which should alone emanate from the bosom of society; and to tyrants, the fact that however successful for a time may be the efforts of caballing ambition, yet the betrayal of a nation's trusts must result eventually in the withdrawal of that nation's support. America, happy in the possession of her liberties, but thrice blessed in the rich legacy of her Washington's virtues, will ever cherish them as a model for generous emulation, and as a standing monument to the triumph of all that is disinterested in patriotism, over the retention of that power which the confiding love of an adoring people would have warranted.

While we pay our tribute to the good and brave of other days; while we linger around the green graves of those who achieved our liberties, let us not forget others who successfully maintained them when again invaded. While we raise the shout of gladness for the results we have gained, let us drop the tear of sorrow for the man we have lost—mingling the joyful emotions, which this day awakens, with the solemnities becoming the mournful event which the nation has so recently experienced. After filling the latest page of his country's history with deeds of renown; after taming the wild spirit of savage insubordination, and driving the trained bands of Europe from the plains of Louisiana; after attacking, with the same energy, the monster monopolies that had taken root within the body politic, and defending, with the same spirit, the violated honor of a land of which he was the conservator; after encountering, with a like fortitude, the insidious attacks of malignant disease, and wrestling with unsubdued obstinacy against its slow, but certain, advances—the warrior statesman—the patriot JACKSON—the man of iron

will, falls before the fell destroyer. God's the only throne at which he would bend; Death the only conqueror to whom he would yield—its sting soothed by the balm of Christian hope—its terrors hidden in the mantle of his virtues. While a bereaved kindred bear to the tomb all that remains of his mortality; while a grief-bowed people weave funeral garlands to his memory, and, with solemn pageantry, pay funeral rites to his decease, the incense of his virtues will rise higher and higher, until diffused far and wide over the land he lived so long to love and honor. Well may America mourn, for she has lost her best and ablest champion; Liberty, its most ardent advocate; Democracy, an oracle "whose prophecy was inspiration," and to whose grave her votaries will repair as the Mecca of their political faith; Party, a name whose magic wand healed all differences, allayed all prejudices—whose voice was oil to the troubled waters, and whose frown was a terror to faction. Though the breath of calumny sought to poison the atmosphere in which he lived, it will scarce breathe its venom upon the grave in which he is buried—that grave, the last monument to departed glory, covering all of him who was the latest and best of America's second era. But four years since, and we were called to mourn the fate of the lamented HARRISON, who, winning the laurel crown of victory upon the bloody field of Indian warfare, a grateful nation sought to deck with the insignia of its highest civic office. Scarce do a victorious party taste from his hands the bread of patronage, than, reeling beneath the weight of accumulated honors, he falls, burying them with him in the tomb, leaving to his country but the good he had effected, and bearing to his Maker the offerings of a believing and devoted heart.

Is it not pleasing to see a people, noted for their party spirit, almost defacing their political landmarks, yielding

to the impulses of gratitude, and elevating, as it were, by acclamation, to the highest trusts in the hour of their prosperity, men who were the first in their defence when doubt and danger hovered over the land? While we embalm them in our memories, and duly appreciate their services, let us not forget to keep a vigilant eye upon the institutions which were the object of them. Though to our ancestors belongs the praise of founding a Republic, let us deserve, at least, the credit of preserving one. The erection of Republics is no new fact—their perpetuation, both an ancient and a modern rarity. To belie the experience of the past, we must profit by its lessons, and, in order to continue what its teachings have procured us, we must be mindful of its warnings, and faithfully pursue the line of conduct marked out by the framers of the Constitution—that Constitution under which, for more than sixty years, we have run the glorious race of empire; dispelling the misty doubts of scepticism; quieting the anxious fears of Freedom's friends throughout the universe; terrifying the trembling despot on his throne, and awakening the long-buried hopes of enthralled millions. And though, through the length and breadth of the Christian world, we stand towering like some vast column amid the crash and ruin of man's prostrate rights, yet soon shall spring from these scattered fragments a majestic temple, so wide, so expansive, that emancipated Christendom, in one congregated mass, may repose beneath its roof, never again to bow in homage to tyranny until they forget to bend in reverence to virtue. As Heaven, step by step, unveils the mysteries of finite power to the intellect of man, his own right arm will loose the shackles that encumber his body. Pointing to our example, the struggling nations repeat, in their own tongues, the cheering language of a freeman's sympathy. Where Nature, lonely and lovely, revelled in wild luxuri-

ance, they see villages, cities and States, smiling into being. Where barbarous tribes roamed with ferocious boldness, and tomahawks gleamed over helpless innocence, they see a people, by labor and art adorned, by science exalted, by religion sanctified, and by liberty redeemed. Rejecting the errors, and yet adopting the advantages of other republican systems, they see a Government, more perfect in its structure, more effective in its operation, more complicated, and yet more simple—more divided, and yet more united, than any that has preceded it. Obeying a local, and yet acknowledging a national sovereignty ; jealous of State rights, and yet when the national weal requires, permitting the encroachments of the Federal arm, they see a people whose wrongs are redressed, not by marching with death-dealing instruments to slaughter the persons of their rulers, but, one by one, peaceably depositing at the polls a simple ballot, more effective in revolutionizing the policy of their Government, and more efficacious in healing their ills, than ten thousand muskets directed by the most skilful generals. To the poor, it is a weapon of defence against the encroachments of power and influence ; and to the rich, a shield from the ultra tendency of radical democracy. In a Despotism, man has only to obey ; in a Republic, he both commands and obeys. However ignorant, talent and education receive their political reward from his hands ; however humble, power lives but on his smile ; high and low, rich and poor, all are alike recipients of, and dependent upon, his bounty. Wielding with his omnipotent ballot the full portion of his sovereignty, he plucks from the crowd whom he will to rule over him, and, in turn, commands him who went forth to rule to lay down his dignities at the feet of the monarch multitude. Since, then, popular sentiment constitutes the life-blood of the body politic, how important it is to guard

from corrupting influences the veins and arteries of our political system. How necessary it is to diffuse through all its fibres the principles of a pure morality, spiritualizing and exalting, rather than debasing and enervating the minds of the masses—banishing luxury, encouraging industry, exciting patriotic ardor, and, by our example, tending to the cultivation of those higher and better sympathies of humanity, which can alone give permanency to the institutions of a self-ruled people. If, on the other hand, longing after the flesh-pots of Egypt, we adopt the manners and ape the vices of transatlantic degeneracy, woful experience will teach us that our system of government, the best ever devised for the intelligent and good, is the very worst to be entrusted to the degraded and vicious. That mighty weapon, the power of suffrage, now the grand catholicon for all political diseases, will but hasten the speedy dissolution of the once healthy fabric. Demagogues will find it easy to delude those who have deluded themselves. The liberties of the people will finally be buried in the grave of their virtues, and with the last dying shriek of departed freedom, shall mingle the exulting cries of a despot's minions.





